

CHATELAIN

I ESCAPED BLINDNESS

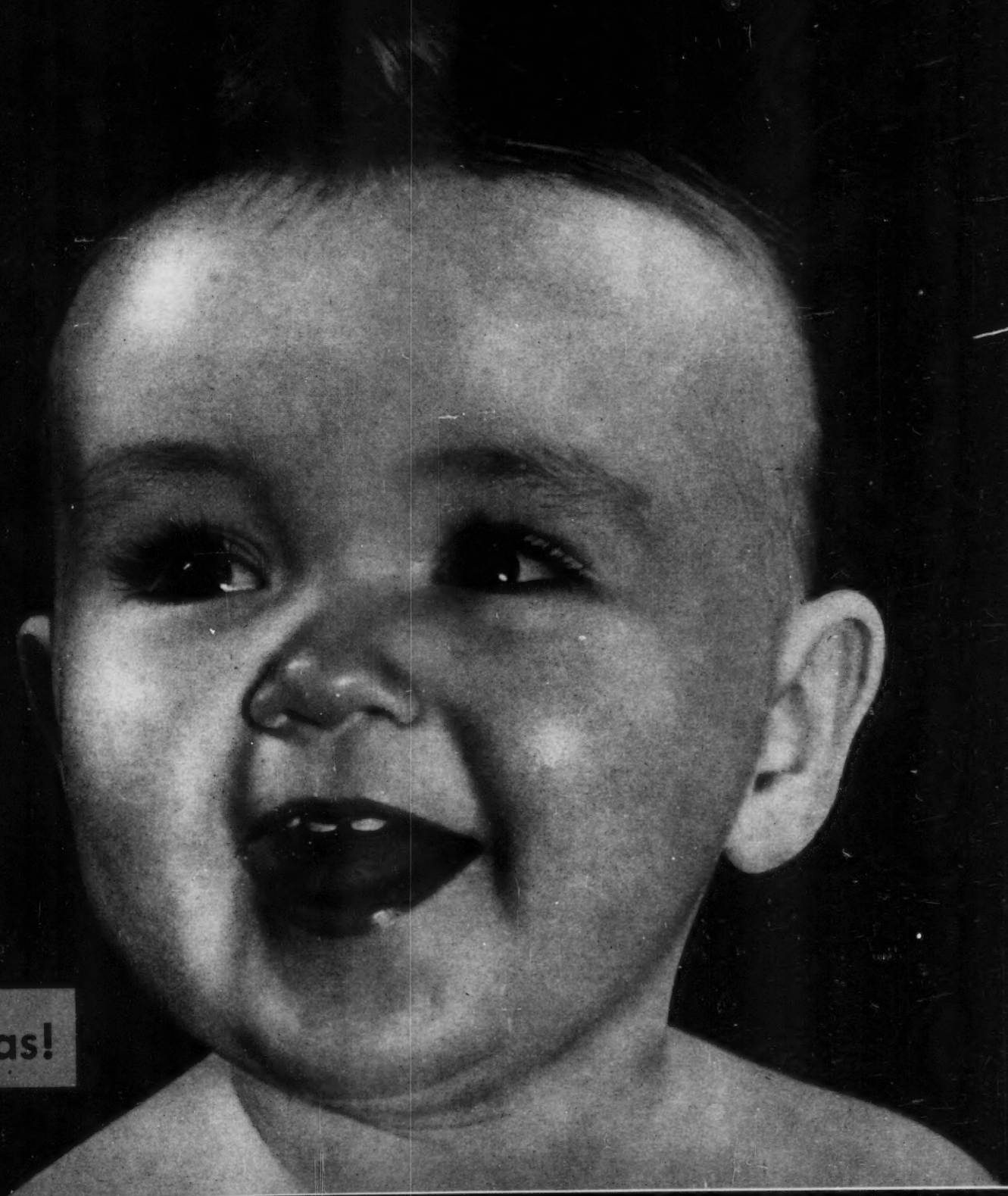
By Frances Shelley Wees

★ ★ ★

Old-Time Christmas Dinner

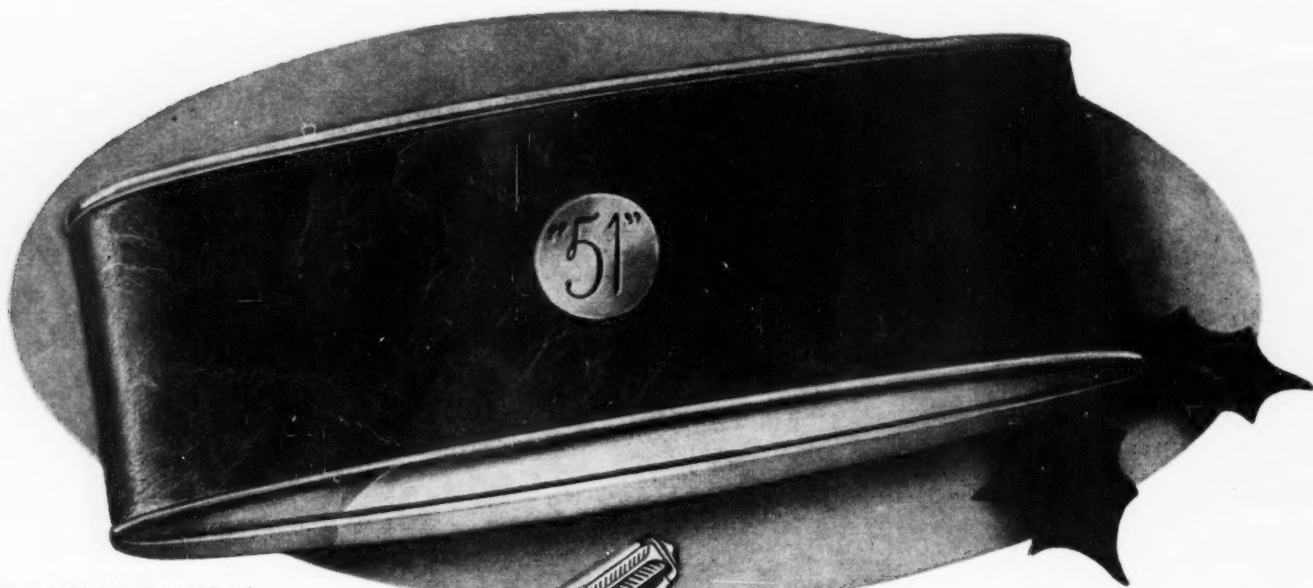
Gay Gift Ideas

THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE • NOVEMBER 1990 • FIFTY-FIVE CENTS



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Christmas
The GIFT that thrills over and over again
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Lovely Teal Blue Gold-filled Cap Pen and Pencil Set, \$27.00; Pen \$17.75; Pencil \$9.25. Available also in Black, Burgundy, Cocoa, and Navy Grey.

Smart, sleek black Lustraloy Cap Pen, \$15.00; Pencil to match \$7.00. Other available colours Teal Blue, Cocoa, Burgundy, and Navy Grey.

Many, indeed, are the gifts costing far more than the NEW "51" writing instruments shown on this page. Yet, for all their greater price, they will not be so eagerly desired—nor delight so much—as these latest gift achievements of the World's Pen Authority.

See the models illustrated on this page at your dealers. These gifts that thrill over and over again are ardently longed for by practically everyone on your shopping list from the ages of 16 to 60. . . . Inspired giving this year, the NEW "51" pen masterpieces!

Parker
World's Pen Authority

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18 — White Onyx Base Magnetix Desk Set, \$27.00. An ideal gift for Dad or brother.



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Here's your complete Christmas Gift Guide...

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APPLIANCES



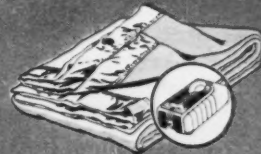
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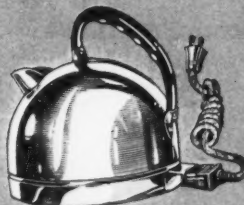
She will love a G-E Feather-weight iron, because it saves her 15 minutes out of every ironing hour. . . . \$14.50



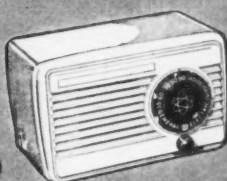
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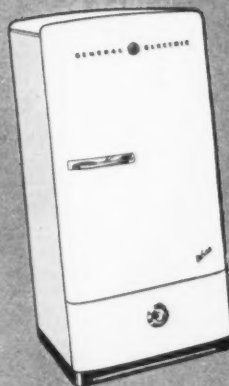
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A magnificent present for the whole family. Give a G-E Radio-phonograph for the finest reception and record reproduction. From \$155.50.

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It actually attacks germs on throat surfaces before they attack you. So, no matter what else you do, at the first symptom of a cold or sore throat due to a cold, gargle early and often with Listerine. Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Ltd.

No matter what else you do

Gargle Listerine—Quick!

ANTISEPTIC

Made in Canada

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CHATELAINE

FOR DECEMBER VOLUME 23 NUMBER 12

Cover by H. Armstrong Roberts

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Printed and published by MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD., 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. Founded in 1887 by John Bayne Maclean. HORACE T. HUNTER, President, FLOYD S. CHALMERS, Executive Vice-President, THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Comptroller. EUROPEAN OFFICE: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Sun Life of Canada Building, Trafalgar Square, LONDON, S.W.1. Telephone Whitehall 6642; Telegraph, Atabek, London. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—In Canada, 1 year \$1.50, 2 years \$2.50, 3 years \$3.75 issues \$3; all other parts of the British Empire \$2 per year; United States and Possessions, Mexico, Central and South America and Spain, \$2.50 per year; all other countries \$3.50 per year. Single copies 15c. Copyright 1950, by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. The characters and names in fiction stories in Chatelaine are imaginary and have no reference to living persons. Manuscripts submitted to Chatelaine must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for loss. Chatelaine is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Authorized as Second-Class Mail, P.O. Department, Ottawa.



Assistant Editor
Adele White

PEOPLE VERSUS PEOPLE

The North Star dropped from brilliant sunshine, through depths of cloud, to Goose Bay airfield, Labrador. I saw a world of tiny Christmas trees—the five-cent kind. They wheeled across the world with a monotony which was frightening. Then as the plane bumped gently on the runway I saw groups of frame houses, painted bright red, blue and green, looking like Christmas toys.

I had always thought of Goose Bay as an isolated airport only. But two mothers and their children came aboard the plane. They were "going out" for a holiday. We shared a taxi going into Montreal, and I listened in astonishment to their enthusiasm for life as they knew it in the community around the airport.

They loved it. Wouldn't live anywhere else for anything. One of them said: "It's because we know real friendship that we're so happy. We have bingos and dances every week. And a movie too. In a city I wouldn't see anyone. But there we get a chance to know each other."

Authorities claim that one of the greatest threats to modern peace of mind is loneliness. And as so often happens we seem to take a pride in the menace which is threatening us. There a touch of smugness in the city dweller who says, "I don't know a soul on my street!"

But the human race has a way of learning how to offset its difficulties. Right now there's every evidence of a surge of interest among people—for other people. All magazine editors know that it's the articles about people, what they think and how they live, which interest readers most. Our radios and television sets are bringing the personalities of people, great and small, into our very lives. Community pressures are growing to give people a chance to get together more easily.

At Christmas time our hearts are warm for one another. For a week or so we glow with affection for our friends—for strangers too. I believe that one of the adventures in living lies in struggling through the year to keep this affection and sense of good comradeship.

For it's this love for one another which blooms at Christmas, which holds the secret for Peace on Earth, isn't it?

Byrna Hops Sanders

Elizabeth Arden

inspires Beauty for Christmas



Gifts of great beauty . . . great taste . . . to compliment the recipient . . . created with her own special flair by Elizabeth Arden.

Barber Pole . . . unique . . . useful . . . 5 pink cakes of luxurious June Geranium Bath Soap in transparent tube . . . **4.25**

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HOMEMADE GIFTS ARE OUT!

says **BOB ALLEN**



I've crawled in and out of dolls' houses. I've hammered piggy banks out of oil cans. But, believe me, Brother! this year is going to be a strictly store-bought Christmas

Christmas is near," I read somewhere the other day, "but there's still time to plan these original little homemade gifts."

If it's all the same to you, Buster, the only thing I plan this Christmas is not to do anything I wouldn't do any other time; and kidding myself that I'm a handyman is one of them. I've seen too many families brought to the cracking point by everybody trying to be somebody else for Christmas: hermits, hail fellows; bores, wits, teetotalers, rum pots—and everyone trying to do more work in two weeks than they do in the other 50.

Every year, about this time, I come home clutching one of those handyman's magazines and full of more ideas than a two-reel comedy. In between illustrations of men in their early thirties suppressing their mirth as they arc-weld old lawnmowers into home ice-cream freezers, I find an item that shows how to make a piggy bank from an old tennis ball and an oil can. I tell my wife, who is already knitting Uncle Charlie a sweater, re-covering two lamp shades, designing the most cunning little place cards out of walnut shells and making a couple of dozen miniature mantelpieces out of shortbread held together by toothpicks, that I'm all set to **MAKE MY OWN CHRISTMAS GIFTS.**

I can get the materials anywhere, + Continued on page 46



be wiser

buy

Kayser

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AF-5001M



*T*REATS WITH COCONUT

BY MARION GRAHAM, Chatelaine Institute

It's fun cooking with coconut! This snowy magic brightens all holiday specials. Just watch how it transforms every dish it touches.

Coconut means variety. Two styles are available in the stores, each suited to its particular use. Grated or desiccated is the kind best adapted to candies, meringues and semi-fluid mixtures, while shredded is ideal for use on toppings, frostings, and nearly all decorating purposes.

"Too pretty to eat" is a popular remark from guests about coconut desserts. No wonder, as delicious cakes hiding under drifts of coconut, or pies garnished with its contrasting whiteness offer attractive and distinctive specialties. So try these tiptop ideas at your yuletide parties, and sprinkle on the glamour!

Star Ruby Pie

"A Christmas jewel that's light, tart and tasty."

The filling is made of canned cherries, raspberries or any bright red fruit. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup desiccated coconut to accent both flavor and texture.

The coconut star is added after the pie is baked. Cut a star-shaped stencil from paper, place on pie and fill the open space with $\frac{3}{4}$ cup shredded coconut. Chill until firm.

Continued on page 62

*Make hers a White Magnolia Christmas...
with the enchanted fragrance
of new, sense-stirring*

White Magnolia

by **HELENA RUBINSTEIN!**

Here at last, is a cologne tantalizingly feminine... yet ardent!
It's Helena Rubinstein's inspired new White Magnolia.
Surrounds you with the heady white magic of charmed
magnolia gardens. Caresses as it inflames!
Each exciting drop stirs up visions of moonlit trysts... of
stolen kisses... of the South a-flower with romance!



WHITE MAGNOLIA COLOGNE 2.25
WHITE MAGNOLIA BODY POWDER 75, 1.25
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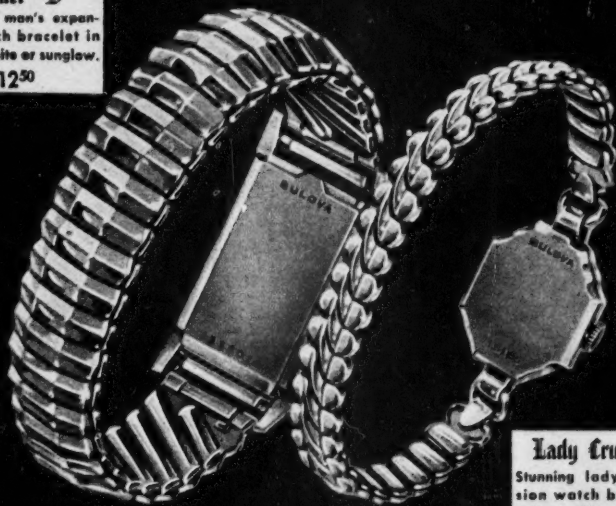
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OF FINE WATCHES IN THE WORLD



BY
CATHERINE FRASER

ANY SHEPHERDS FOR TEA?

The Christmas story has a new enchantment seen through the wondering eyes of a child

The line of kindergarten children straggled down the school stairs. The first children in the line leaned their combined weight against the heaviness of the outside door and it opened grudgingly. Fresh cold air swooped into the lower hall and up the stairs until it was lost in the school smell of sharpened pencils and disinfectant and brick walls.

At the end of the line Johnny talked to two other five-year-olds. They talked of the Christmas tree in the kindergarten and of the trees they would have at home that would be bigger than the house. They talked of having been downtown to see Santa Claus, and of how they had really seen him filling their stockings last Christmas Eve, and then without being too conscious of it, they had passed through the door and were outside, wandering in little groups down the hill.

Down the hill and over the street with a "Hi" to the big smiling policeman who was an established friend. Johnny went up to him.

"Want to see my picture?" he asked. He held up a large page that was filled with masses of bright color.

"That's good," said the policeman. "That's very good. What is it?"

"It's a manger," said John. + Continued on page 66

ILLUSTRATED
BY BILL BOOK



BY MARY JUKES

Canadian radio star, Bernard Braden, in the garden of his most recent acquisition, a Victorian Tudor house. "Creek House" is on the Thames about 40 miles fast run from Oxford Circus.

THE BRADENS STORM LONDON



You need a crystal ball to locate them and jet-propelled plane to catch them.

It's been like that since Bernard Braden and Barbara Kelly, two top Canadian radio entertainers, groped their way through a London fog direct from Canada a couple of years ago and set off in several different directions—radio programs, television shows, admission to the inner temple of London theatre for both of them and for Barbara her first experience in motion picture making.

They have been playing opposite or with or around such busy meteors as Vivian Leigh, Sir Laurence Olivier and Bonar Colleano. Both Bernie and Barbara have daily time tables that would send most of us groping after the vitamins, complex, and the luminals, double strength.

All mixed up with the speed and excitement of their lives are three small children, now harbored in an old English house which nods

Barbara Kelly, top-ranking Canadian radio actress, and Bernie's wife, rehearsing her role in "Mr. and Mrs. North," a popular BBC headliner this year.



The Braden young ask the usual "Whys" and "Why not's" while Bernie makes some last-minute changes in the radio script, "Bedtime with Braden," which has just been moved up to a peak hour timing on the London BBC network.

drowsily on the Thames about 40 minutes run—if you step on it—from the BBC near Oxford Circus. All you can say about this gracious home and its sweeping gardens—which the Bradens have just bought lock, stock, barrel, chickencoops, berry bushes and garden tools—is that at least the children will have time to listen to its whispered messages and enjoy its haunting fragrances, because, quite honestly, when could the Bradens?

Before they left Canada these two young radio personalities—Bernie is just sliding away from 30 and Barbara toward it—knew the Canadian radio entertainment field inside and out and were making it pay off to the tune of \$30,000 a year. But they decided to tackle London for two reasons: to get practical experience in television technique and to have a really good fling at stage acting—two mediums which have yet to yield elbow room in Canada.

Talent Plus Luck

They were willing to take their chances in spite of having no definite jobs lined up over there to go to, and three small children—a responsibility which has driven many a dreamer back into his safe little cote. But they were spurred on by two other factors: enough money in the bank to pay their way for a year and plenty of imagination, energy and talent.

To say they were instantly rewarded for their daring is taking no liberties with the time element. The evening of the day they arrived in London, Barbara was interviewed on a television show as a visiting Canadian radio personality. At that moment one of England's most active producers, Roy Rich, was glooming in his London flat unloading his troubles to his wife. For weeks he had been searching, fruitlessly, for a leading lady for a play he was producing, "The Male Animal," and had just decided to forget the whole thing and

✦ *Continued on page 55*



Bernie Braden in his first big stage role, "Mitch"—one of the leads in Tennessee Williams' play, "Streetcar Named Desire," which has been running in London for over a year.



Bernie and Barbara go over an exciting new contract which involves two television series scheduled this winter for appreciative British radio audiences.



ILLUSTRATED BY
JACK BUSH

BY VIOLET KING

THE BELLS OF HEAVEN

Father Talbot saw his life work vanish when poverty stalked the village. But Anne, patron saint, stood serene, knowing the miracle about to be performed



The bell of Ste. Anne's clanged; sending one hoarse command over the bare fields that rolled down to the sea.

Father Talbot winced at the sound.

He felt in the folds of his cassock for the large black and gold rosary his mother had given him when he had left France almost 50 years ago. His amazingly clear grey eyes lifted slowly to the face of the saint in the deep niche.

Not a bad statue for such a poor little village, but why did they always make statues of Ste. Anne like this one? A blue-and-white-robed young lady, fair-faced and serene—the grandmother of Jesus. Grandmothers, judging from the many he had seen, were wrinkled and browned by many suns, anxious and wise and sometimes humorous.

While the beads slipped through his fingers and his lips murmured prayers, Father Talbot mentally added what he missed in the statue before him. Two wrinkles across the brow that would lift upward when she laughed. Faded brown eyes. Crows' feet darting down her cheeks and hands that were roughened by labor, gnarled with rheumatism.

Young folk would not find that an attractive statue, but Father Talbot was no longer young. He was 83. The flesh had dried on his massive bones and his prominent nose and brow had taken on austere lines. His big, beautifully proportioned hands fumbled over the beads as his mind fumbled through the words of the prayer. He felt the number of his years like an airy cloak about him and it seemed fitting that he should spend his last years of service in what the bishop had smilingly called the Church of the Little Grandmother. Father Talbot wondered now and then if the bishop had guessed his special devotion to Ste. Anne, mother of Mary. Who could say?

The bell clanged again and Father Talbot dropped the rosary, groped for it, his lips still moving. "Forgive me, Ste. Anne, but you know how the bell always hurts my ears. If you had heard the little bells in France as I have heard them—"

He knelt, motionless, as if wrapped in his devotions, staring up at the sweet face of the plaster saint, and in his

ears rang the bells he had heard so long ago, the bells of St. Julien's chiming across the fields where he had worked with his father.

Father Talbot had forgotten there was a time when he had not been obsessed with thoughts of bells. He was convinced that all his life he had been unusually sensitive to their tone. His bushy grey brows wriggled angrily as another hoarse "whang" flew out of the tower. Surely little Ste. Anne deserved better than that!

Joe Renard, the bell-ringer, slipped through the narrow arch and knelt discreetly several yards behind Father Talbot. For some time the only sounds in the church were Father Talbot's deep whisperings, Joe's gusty breathing, and the flutter of wings as the pigeons returned to the belfry. Outside the wind was tearing the last leaves from the copper beech and brushing them along the high narrow windows.

Joe's lips and eyes were shut, the beads slipped through his nimble fingers rapidly. He had been with his father and the four other men that day, early in the spring, when the steering wheel on the only truck in Ste. Anne's had broken, throwing them off the highway. They had crashed the ancient guard rail and plunged down to the rocks below, half in and half out of the noisy sea. Joe's father had clutched him as they fell and the big man's body had borne the full force of the fall. Joe had hauled two dying men out of the water and sat beside them all through the black night, facing the steep rocky wall down which they had fallen. In the morning they had found him, half-frozen, and mute with shock and grief. He had not spoken since. Father Talbot had taken him to the doctors in Halifax and they had agreed in their verdict.

"Shock. It may be temporary; it may be permanent. Time will tell."

Joe had grown thin and scrawny, running wild over the hills about Ste. Anne's, until Father Talbot had called him and bid him sternly to spend his days within hearing distance. Since then Joe had + Continued on page 26



BY FRANCES SHELLEY WEES



ESCAPED BLINDNESS

How does it feel to lie for months, still as a statue, in complete darkness, with only a faint hope that one day you may see again? This was the anguished experience of one of our best-loved novelists

Just before Christmas last year I discovered suddenly, to my unbelieving horror, that I was going blind. I went abruptly into a world of darkness and of strangeness, even of mystery.

"For Kilmeny had been, she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare."

The mystery still remains. The darkness was dispelled by a new and incredibly delicate operation, the strong and only hope of many who will in days to come be blinded as simply as I was . . . by a sharp bump on the head. Nothing more spectacular. You might get a million such bumps with no result, or you might lose in one ordinary little accident the sight of both eyes. I stumbled into the edge of my kitchen door in the dark, got a bruise over my left eye, and in about a week there began to be dancing black specks in my right eye. They merged to form a solid floating black blur covering the whole vision. There was no warning pain—so if you bump your head and get motes in your vision, do not wait for pain—make haste to your doctor. He will speed you to one of the highly skilled men with the necessary training to perform this operation—that is, if the diagnosis really is "detached retina." The retina has been torn by the sharp bump and is ripping away from the eye wall. Since the treatment (even the diagnosis) and operation are so new, many people are not aware that they can, after this accident, be saved from blindness—which is why I write here the story of my own vivid, rewarding—and again I say, mysterious—experience.

The mystery for all who have this operation lies in the unbelievable visions which move so strongly in the blinded eyes.

"Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell and the wind never blew.
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung
And the airs of heaven play'd round her tongue
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been . . ."

Sudden blindness is terrifying. And everything about this operation sounds, in prospect, terrifying. There is nowhere much pain involved, as your doctor will assure you; but he cannot spare you from long weeks of immobility as complete as the living human body can achieve. It isn't a bit of fun, but, taken as it must be minute by minute, it is not unbearable—and it is certainly interesting. The thought of the masked immobility frightens everyone. People say "I couldn't stand it. I'd go stark, staring raving mad. They'd have to drag me or tie me down. They'd have to."

They don't, can't, do either. It's all a matter of one's own submission and acceptance. You must accept the fact that for weeks, even months, you will lie almost perfectly still, your head packed in sandbags, your eyes padded and masked. You will often be left alone, in a bleak, helpless and hopeless loneliness, and if you let yourself go it will be easy to let panic sweep over you and a black misery bring you to the point of hysteria. Fear of the unknown is a dreadful thing.

But there is a way to conquer fear. First you must as far as possible make yourself familiar with details of the inevitable ordeal, decide to co-operate in every way you can, and then with childlike faith and trust "go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be better to you than light, and safer than the known way."

No way is unknown to God.

The black specks began to float about the middle of December, by which time I had forgotten about bumping my head. In a few days the specks were merging, and I asked a medical friend in a flippant way why I had porpoises on my eye? Since he was at the other end of the telephone and it was his wife relaying the question anyway, he didn't take me seriously. He said it was likely a new mystery story coming on. A day or two later I began to stumble around a bit awkwardly and it dawned on me that I wasn't seeing very well. But I'd had a bad cold, and I was tired and busy, and still didn't go to my doctor, until the blur was really black and pinwheels of light began to + Continued on page 52



BY MARIE HOLMES

Director Chatelaine Institute



OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS DINNER

Heap the plates high! This is the meal of all meals. It's Christmas dinner! The menu pattern never changes. Grandmother's was much the same. The foods are old-fashioned, yes, but who would want to change them! How they're cooked is another matter. Modern stoves, utensils and recipes make the difference—here's the Institute's suggestion for Yuletide dinner with up-to-the-minute methods for preparing it.

MENU

St. Nicholas Cocktail

Roast Turkey with Savory Stuffing

Giblet Gravy Cranberry Sauce

Whipped Potatoes Mashed Turnip

Green Beans or Broccoli

Assorted Jellies and Relishes

Carrot Pudding Nutmeg Sauce

Apples and Nuts

Beverage

Let the first course be light and colorful. It's doubtful if anything is needed to whet the appetite for a turkey and fixin's dinner.

St. Nicholas Cocktail—Arrange grapefruit sections in sherbet glasses, pour cherry juice on each serving—garnish with sprigs of mint.

The Roast Turkey must be perfection, golden brown all over, the meat tender and moist. This is where

modern stoves with regulated temperatures can perform to advantage.

The Stuffing complements the bird. Preferences are divided as to whether the stuffing should be moist or dry. But watch the seasoning—too much overpowers the delicate flavor of the turkey meat.

Giblet or Plain Gravy as you wish but do have it smooth and brown. Proportions of fat, flour and liquid with steady stirring do the trick. Cook giblets the day before, chop them fine and put back into the liquid in which they were cooked.

Vegetables are a matter of the family's tastes. For harmony of color and flavor choose one white, one yellow and one green.

Cranberries, whole in sauce or sieved for jelly, are traditional. They're all the better for a bit of standing before serving—can be cooked several days ahead.

Jellies and Relishes were grandmother's specialty. She served them proudly on her treasured milk glass plates and comports. At Christmas time her sparkling red currant, apple or rose geranium shared honors with green mint jelly. Inviting and decorative they were, too. A custom worth preserving.

Carrot or Plum Pudding or Mince Pie for dessert? Each household has its traditional favorite. Some dispense with rich dessert substituting fruit or ice cream. We've given first place to carrot pudding because it's truly old-fashioned and yet not too heavy.

Nutmeg, Lemon or Brown Sugar Sauce are just right with it—but the hard sauce fans may argue with us. You can serve both a poured and sliced sauce if you wish.

(Recipes on page 58)



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY KANE

Meet Kathie, the Heavenly Halfwit. She's a wide-eyed wonder—the kind of girl swindlers dream about and strong men yearn to protect

BY WAYNE KILBOURNE

THE LASS WITH THE CREDULOUS AIR

Judd Hewitt might have lost all patience with the gullible human race if it hadn't been for Kathy Day. And that would have cut short his budding career with the Better Business Bureau, which must ever be patient and helpful.

One of the first things Judd learned, of course, was that every Better Business Bureau has its following of perennial nuisances,—the gimmick who runs to all the free health and dynamic power lectures; the simple-minded pushover for fortunetellers and money-blessers; the double-distilled sucker who can never resist something-for-nothing.

Kathy Day fitted none of the standard patterns, but achieved an extra troublesome blend of several. Willoughby, the Bureau manager, who was gaunt and silver-grey and had ulcers as befitted his position, sourly titled her Miss Cutest Headache of the Year and forgot her as much as possible. Judd Hewitt couldn't forget her at all, to his great annoyance.

Judd's department was house-to-house and charity rackets. He first met Kathy the morning after she'd paid a man \$9.85 for C.O.D. charges on a package that turned out to have two bricks in it. She must have been 18 or 19, but she was little, and looked like a hurt child as she sat at Judd's desk and told him about it. Her black hair was drawn into a glistening coil at the nape of her neck; her skin looked fresh from a flower garden, and her enormous brown eyes still held wounded surprise that there could be mean untruthful people in such a lovely world.

"It was addressed to the woman in the next apartment," the girl explained in a soft drawl. "She wasn't home. The man said he couldn't deliver it again. I know she hasn't a car, and she works all day, and it would have been hard for her to go down after it. So I paid him the charges. But when she opened it she said I'd been gypped."

Judd nodded. "He picked out an apartment with no lights on; he got her name off the mailbox. The fake C.O.D. package is a standard gag. It catches lots of nice people; the kind who want to be good neighbors." He grinned sympathetically at her.

"You'll have to learn to be more suspicious," he added.

She smiled back. Most people smiled back at Judd Hewitt, though he wouldn't qualify for the shirt and necktie ads. He had erect sandy hair and a long quizzical face, and his ears stood out a little, but his eyes were an intense blue in their sandy fringe of lashes, and his grin had warmth.

Judd took her name and address on a report form. He learned that she was from a small town and had just got a job in an insurance office up on the sixth floor. She hoped he could recover her money soon because payday wasn't till the 15th and things would be a little rough. He hated to explain that though he would notify the proper authorities, and issue warnings to put other people on guard against the racket, it was often hard to catch up with petty gyp artists right away.

As he watched the trouble grow in her brown eyes, Judd scribbled on a slip of memo paper: *You can pay this back on the 15th. It's from my revolving hard-luck fund.*

"I'll give you one of our warning booklets that tell you the different kinds of rackets to look out for," he said. He went around to the far side of a row of filing cabinets that split the long narrow room across the middle, and sneaked a look into his billfold. There were only a 10 and a couple of ones.

With a sigh he clipped the slip of paper to the 10-spot, folded both between the pages of the booklet; went back and handed it to her in an envelope. Then he escorted her out to the elevator.

"Promise me you'll read page 10 just as soon as you get back to your office," he told her. "Will you do that?"

"Why, of course," she answered. "Thank you. You've been very kind."

"We'll do everything we can," he said.

Miss Crabtree, grim veteran of a quarter-century as Bureau receptionist, gave him the narrow edge of her smile as he went back to his swivel chair, and he knew she had seen the business with the + Continued on page 34

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

BY RUTH CHANDLER MOORE

In-laws can be a problem at any time, but in this season of peace and good will the Christmas tug-of-war may pull a new marriage apart

They were married in September and the tug-of-war about Christmas started almost as soon as they were back from the honeymoon. The first jerk was short and sharp and took place at breakfast one morning.

"What about holidays?" Cissie asked. "I mean what'll we do about Thanksgiving dinner and Christmas and all? Mummy was asking—"

"Divide 'em, I guess," said Jim. "Thanksgiving with your family, Christmas with mine."

Cissy's eyes flashed. "Oh, but—"

"And the next year the other way round," Jim amended hastily, knowing that next year he'd wish the Allertons lived in Timbuctoo instead of three blocks east on East End Avenue, because it wouldn't be Christmas any place but Wakefield. It was still the big day of the year at Wakefield as if he were still a kid, maybe because there always were kids there, nieces and nephews treading fast on the heels of his youngest brothers and sisters. Cissie'd never had a big family Christmas like that, with the punch bowl brimming, the pudding blazing, and the big hall decked not only with holly but with tissue paper, toys, tinsel, and echoing to loud halloos. They always decorated the big spruces at either side of the gate too. You could see them half a mile down the highway, and somebody always fell off the ladder stringing up the bulbs. One year—Jim laughed at the memory and started to tell Cissie about it, but she had a point and was sticking to it.

"That's fair enough," she was saying, "only let's start the other way around because—well, you know. It's tough enough for Mummy and Daddy this year with me gone. Me being

Just An Only." Cissie almost lisped the last words and her face took on the petted look Jim hated, because it wasn't Cissie's own look but one her mother cast over her and the lisp was a reflection of the baby-talk Cissie's mother still slipped into sometimes. Jim hoped he had sense enough not to mimic it, but evidently he hadn't because he heard himself saying:

"Dest an Only."

Cissie's face became her own again, but very flushed.

"Jim!"

"Oh, well. Whatever you say, Sweetness."

But it wasn't sweetness. All the way downtown afterward in the bus he thought about it. He'd already begun to look forward to Christmas, and he was going to give Cissie the sapphire guard ring they'd seen when they bought her diamond wedding band and Cissie had said, "That's for our tenth anniversary." It would be a thrill-present. And he'd looked forward to showing her all the Wakefield holiday fun. There was always a coasting party or, if the weather was the other way, a skatefest at the lake with a bonfire and an accordion. If it rained you went to the Carters' for carols because they had two pianos, and afterward you drove through the drizzle to sing "God Rest You Merrie, Gentlemen" at various lighted doorways which flew open to receive you with cheers and winking tree bulbs and hot buttered rum. Imagine pushing an elevator button on Christmas Eve, to be taken upward by a sulky operator—with his palm out. At Wakefield the door was swagged with ground pine and a strap of sleigh bells that jingled when you opened it. Which you did just by turning the knob. There was always somebody there.

"Yes, sir. Wakefield it is," Jim told himself, striding manfully into his office. "I'm head of this family."

The next tug was harder and it came from East End Avenue. "James," Cissie's mother said, their regular Thursday dinner there, "Cissie tells me you are going to Wakefield for Thanksgiving and to us for Christmas. So—"

"Why, we—" Jim looked wildly at Cissie, but she was spooning out the regulation Thursday night fudge sauce which was another of Jim's peeves against the Allertons. Not that Cissie especially liked the gooey +

Continued on page 39



ILLUSTRATED BY
CLARE SHRAGGE



Mrs. French discusses the answer to our reader's letter with her two sons, Warwick and Alan.



OPEN LETTER TO A MOTHER

When we received a letter which seemed to be the cry of all mothers of sons, we appealed to this writer . . . not only because she is articulate but because she herself has experienced the tragedy every mother fears

BY MAIDA PARLOW FRENCH

Dear Editor: I have a son of 16. I have a sense all around me of growing terror in regard to the next war. Everyone seems to be talking about it so loosely and glibly, taking it for granted. There seems to be a sense that nothing can stop it and that we are being pushed into a terrible tragedy again. Naturally as a mother it is all symbolized in my son.

What troubles me is that I cannot seem to get an attitude of mind which helps me face this problem. I am a modern, intelligent woman and I know that I cannot duck my personal responsibilities in the forces which are moving around me.

I talk about the problem to my friends. Some of them say "I just don't dare think about it." Others just look scared and scuttle back into their own minds. My son says to me casually, "Well of course, Mother, I'll have to enlist." What can I say to him? What can I say to myself? What can I think?

Is there any help that you can give me? The other day I passed a group of women on the street and I found myself reaching out to them saying, "How are you working it out; what are you doing about it in your own minds?"

Forgive me if I sound confused—it's because I am confused!

Your voice is the voice of all mothers everywhere today. The fear and the confusion are nothing new but the impact is. With press and radio blaring inducements for enlistment into our very homes—what is going to happen to our sons?

There isn't any easy answer. All I can do is trace the path which helped me find my way gradually out of the terror.

Your letter takes me back to a day in 1939 when I stood frozen in the doorway of our living room as the radio blared forth the news that Canada had declared war on Germany. In that room were my three sons of 14, 18 and 19 years.

Up until that moment (like your friend) I had pushed the thought of war deliberately away. Nothing could happen to the sons I had borne and raised and fought for all these years. But war had come and David and Warwick were the age for war.

You remember that first year of World War II? "A phoney war," we called it. In their second year at university, David and Warwick were in the Officers' Training Corp. But what they really meant to be were scientists. The world had need of scientists. My anxieties were lulled. Then one day David, my eldest son, came to me and asked: "What do you think I should do, mother? Enlist, or finish my course first?"

He'd been coming home from somewhere on the bus and seen this lovely field with cows and little calves under some elms drinking from a brook. "And suddenly I got angry," he said, "to think that one man like Hitler could take away the peace of the world. He ought to be stopped. Mum, shouldn't I join up, now?"

I couldn't answer him right away because I'd always thought that each child is like a seed which must grow into its own special kind of a plant. I must not overinfluence him either way. I could only surround him with love and respect and

facts. The decisions he made must ultimately be his own. Such a decision was upon him now. I looked at him as steadily as I could. "Your decision will be my decision," I said.

David went out and enlisted in the Air Force. And then he wanted to celebrate. From now on he'd be getting a dollar-five a day. He was rich. He asked me out to dinner. Chicken he ordered for both of us. I could drink, but I couldn't swallow very well. David gobbled his up, and then he said: "Aren't you going to finish your dinner, Mum? Gosh, but I'm hungry!" I handed him mine and he ate that too. I looked at his face. It was radiant. By leaving him absolutely free I had left him free to give himself.

He went through the usual training. Was "washed-out" as a pilot. Had to begin all over again to train as observer. Was sent to Prince Albert; Portage La Prairie where he got his wings and finally received his commission at Rivers, Manitoba, and was posted to Crumlin, Ontario, as instructor. One night the telephone rang, and there was David calling me from London. He said: "Mum, whatta ya think has happened? I've been posted to Coastal Patrol. Isn't it wonderful?"

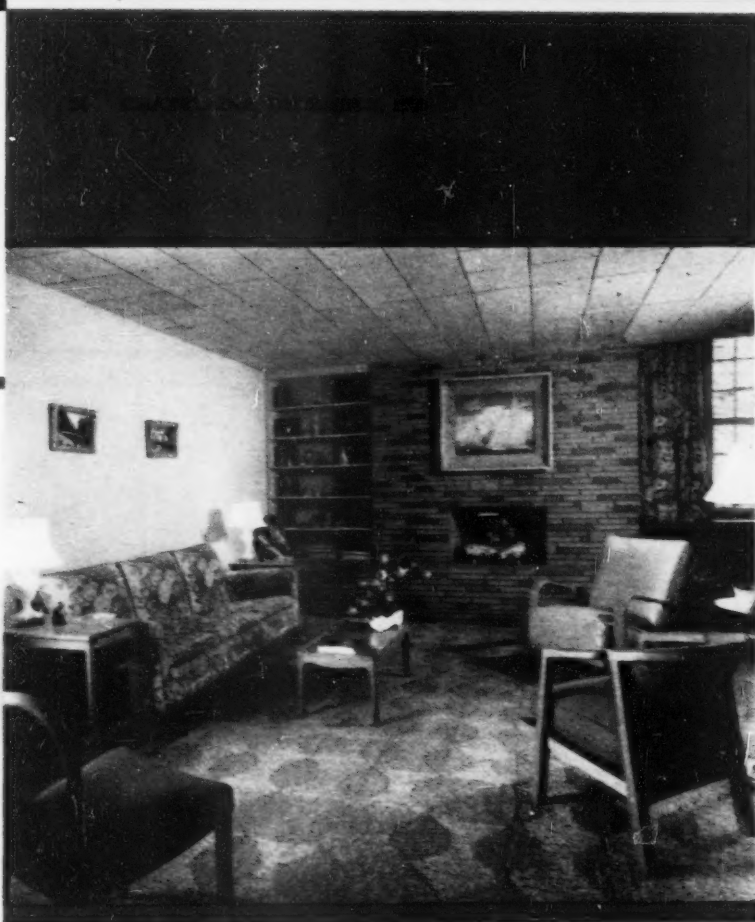
Wonderful! But I knew what he meant. He'd been instructing eight or nine months and he thought he was stuck there for the duration while the other guys were really fighting the war. Only two were chosen, he said, the C.O. had just called them in. David didn't know whether he'd be able to get home before he had to go. But there was a Wings Parade on Friday. How would I like to fly up for the afternoon? He would treat me to the fly.

Friday night we were in a taxi driving back to my plane, when the driver (just a boy himself) turned on the radio. I don't know whether you know the song "This is Worth Fighting For." I hadn't heard it before. David and the driver both joined in.

"I saw a little old cabin and the river
That flowed by the door
And I heard a voice within me whisper,
This is worth fighting for.
Didn't I build that cabin? Didn't I
Plant that corn?
Didn't my folks before me fight for this
Country before I was born?
I gathered my loved ones around me
And I gazed at each face I adore
Then I heard that voice within me
Thunder, this is worth fighting for." *

"That's my favorite song," David said. "You have to know it's worth while, what you're doing. And it isn't just *our* home," he went on, "it's everybody's home. But I guess that's all the world is, isn't it—just the sum of all our homes? Mother, do you remember that sparrow we used to watch out the kitchen window at home? With that terrible starling that kept clawing up her nest and

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THEY LIVE IN A FACTORY

The fireplace end of this large all-purpose room is insulating board cut and painted to resemble brick.



Acoustic tile ceiling is ivory, striated plywood walls soft green and other walls coral. Rush matting, in neutral tone, comes in one-foot squares, may be sewn to make any sized carpet.



Picture window provides fine view of lake front. Draperies are floral chintz in coral, green and blue on a white ground. Upholstery is coral, furniture wheat maple. Note built-in radiator.

BY JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH
Home Planning Editor

Imagine, an apartment in a factory! And an old factory at that. Yet it's the cheeriest, brightest, most endearing place: as fine a background for living as could be found anywhere.

It's the home of Dora and Hugh Dodds. Married just a year ago, Hugh constructed the apartment on the second floor of a factory he owns and operates in Oakville, Ontario. Dora decorated and furnished it—the apartment, that is, not the factory!

This unique dwelling unit consists of one large room—providing living, dining and sleeping facilities—with a kitchen, bathroom and large clothes closet opening off it . . . Hugh prefabricated the wall and ceiling panels in his factory. In it he manufactures molded plywood products—everything from school desks to boat hulls.

The factory-apartment arrangement is a perfect answer to Hugh and Dora's shelter problem. Being young people with many outside interests, they wanted a home that could be maintained with maximum convenience and minimum effort. It's handy for Hugh, since he has direct supervision of his plant. It's easy on Dora, who commutes to an office job because there's so little work to be done. +



Factory, sheathed with galvanized iron, hides its secret well. Apartment occupies nearest corner on second floor. Only clue is picture window on right wall.

Let *Soup* give you more Christmas-Time



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics

BY *Anne Marshall*



GREEN PEA is a grand choice. The tempting taste of green peas—in a soup enriched with butter.

Lunches or Suppers built around Green Pea Soup

Tuna Fish Sandwich
Puffy Omelet, Ginger Cakes
Chicken Salad, Bran Muffins

Hot Apple Pie, Cheese
Codfish Cakes and Spinach
Scrambled Eggs, Hot Biscuits

VEGETABLE is a favorite with both Dad and the children—lots of bright garden vegetables in a homey beef stock.

Lunches or Suppers built around Vegetable Soup

Pork and Beans, Green Salad
Salmon Salad Sandwich
Waldorf Salad, Cheese Toast

Cold Roast, Lettuce Wedges
Hot Coffee Cake, Grapefruit
Baked Corned Beef Hash



So much to do; so little time to do it—with Christmas 'round the corner! There's all that shopping to do—and the house to clean and a fruit cake to bake and the youngsters' clothes to freshen and Christmas cards to address and the silver to clean and—*meals to get!*

Yes, meals to get, and that's where maybe I can help—with some practical ideas. Soup can be your salvation, truly. It's so nourishing and so appealing to winter-sharp appetites. It's quick on the

table, too, and very easy on the budget.

Biggest Soup-eating Month

Many of you already know how good hot soup helps "save the day" during December. That's why you've made December the biggest soup-eating month of the year. Here on this page are three fine soups to build meals around these Christmas-rushed days. You'll find suggestions, too, for what to serve with each one, to round out a lunch or a supper. So—Merry Christmas!



TOMATO is "the soup most folks like best"—luscious tomatoes blended with fine butter to velvet smoothness.

Lunches or Suppers built around Tomato Soup

Ham-Biscuits, Pear Salad
Hot Potato Salad, Apricots
Sardine Sandwich, Cole Slaw

Cheese Soufflé, Relish Tray
Sausage Cakes, Apple Rings
Nut Waffles and Jam



Gifts that Delight

The famous brand name "Elgin American" on your gift assures recognition and appreciation as the finest! Exquisitely styled and engraved... precision crafted... gleaming finishes enduring as a jewel. There's the smart new Lite-O-Matic combination cigarette case and lighter, the gift sensation of the year. For the first time, cigarette lighters with exclusive feminine appeal. Lovely dresser sets for the home. And, of course, fashion-famous Elgin American compacts in a glamorous array of designs and shapes. Priced to satisfy every taste and budget. Know that your gift will be prized... ask for Elgin American in better stores everywhere.



Elgin American

COMPACTS, CIGARETTE CASES, DRESSER SETS, LIGHTERS

THE BELLS OF HEAVEN

Continued from page 13

learned to follow Father Talbot like the spaniel Father Talbot had owned when he was a boy, obedient, affectionate and sensitive. And Joe, like the spaniel, was the shy recipient of the brusque manifestations of tenderness peculiar to Father Talbot. A pat on his rough brown head, a pushing slap on his thin shoulders to hustle him along, a candy from the small box in the parlor. The candies were always a little stale because Father Talbot never ate any himself and he doled them out only when he thought of them.

"Bells for you," Father Talbot whispered, letting another bead drop, "like the bells in France. Silver-tongued as birds," another bead dropped, "clear and mellow-toned." He sighed and began a Hail Mary and stopped again, his face stern. "And out," he said loudly, "out to the sea with that cowbell up yonder!" He recovered himself with a start, put the rosary to his lips apologetically and began again, letting the sweetness of the words soothe his ruffled spirits.

He rose with difficulty from his knees and genuflected toward the small altar. Mrs. Brodey had made a new altar cloth of fine white silk thread. The old one had been mended several times and there was a singed place where an altar boy had dipped a candle. It had served like that for many years, but Mrs. Brodey had made a new one for the coming of young Father Carol.

"He'll see," she said, "that we have a care for the holy things."

"Until the bell rings," Father Talbot had uttered cryptically and Mrs. Brodey had gone about the village asking everyone what he could have meant. They assured her that Father Talbot, being very old, would like as not say many things they could not make head nor tail of.

Out in the pale November twilight Father Talbot faced the cold wind, listening to the sea a quarter of a mile away thundering against the rocks. St. Joseph's beacon glimmered far down the coast and a bell dingdonged out on the dark water, the sound blending with the sad mewing of the gulls. A kittiwake flew over his head and he watched it settle in the red oak behind the church. He walked toward the tree, a loping, swaying gait, his body stiffly upright and his head thrust forward. The bird flashed out of the tree and he had only a momentary glimpse of the square wingspread before it disappeared into a clump of evergreens. He stood staring hard at the evergreens, waiting for the quick knotting of pain in his side to unwind itself.

Joe touched his hand lightly and Father Talbot looked down into the unnaturally sombre face. Joe cupped his hands to signify a nest and pointed to the high bastions of rock northward along the coast. Father Talbot shook his head. "You won't go to the coast with me, will you, Joe? Anywhere but there, eh?"

Joe hung his head, digging his toe into the ground. He was small for 13 and tense as a startled cat. His thick shock of brown hair was brushed away from a broad, low white brow and there



For Enchanted Moments

For your enchanted moment (and it may come any moment) only one lipstick will do. It is Tangee! Because it is made by a newly perfected secret formula, you will discover:

- (1) A finer texture...making it easier to apply. Still more important, it does not smear.
- (2) Stays on longer...longer than any lipstick you have ever used.
- (3) Comes in enchanting colors—the pink of perfection, Tangee Pink Queen — and six other glamour shades.



THE
New
Tangee
LIPSTICK

was a plentiful sprinkling of freckles over his short even features.

"Better run along home for supper, Joe. I won't need you tonight. Good night, son, and God bless you."

Joe turned to the scattered lights on the hillside below them and ran, his shoes making a clunking sound on the stones. He would be back at dawn to ring the bell. Not because he liked the sound of the bell, but he loved to be up in the belfry with the birds. When Father Talbot was studying, Joe went to the belfry and looked out upon his world, listening to the wind that tugged at the tough old trees clinging to the hillside, watching the people moving about their chores and the children running up and down the white stony road.

Joe didn't like the bell any more than Father Talbot did, and he knew Father Talbot dreamed of having a fine set of bells from France for Ste. Anne's. What he didn't know was that Father Talbot had saved a little here and there until several hundreds of dollars lay in neat packets in the old shoebox in the wine cupboard in Father Talbot's study. When the total reached four thousand he would ask the people to help him raise the last thousand necessary for the bells he had in mind to purchase.

Although there were nearly three thousand dollars in the box, Father Talbot had never mentioned the money to anyone but the bishop. How could he ask the people of Ste. Anne's for money now when there were four widows with small children to provide for and crops had been poor two years in a row? He would have to be patient, he told himself. He would have to wait another year or two. But what would another year bring? His infirmities were increasing monthly. Daily he prayed for patience and fortitude and presence of mind.

Young Father Carrol, who would one day take his place, was sitting in the long parlor when he went in. He rose to push the leather chair in which Father Talbot always sat closer to the meagre fire. He was a neat little man with thick glasses hiding his soft brown eyes and thick dark hair brushed firmly down. An earnest, meticulously correct young priest whose punctilious manner caused Father Talbot to realize with painful dismay that he had grown lax with the years. He apologized in his prayers for his shortcomings, but he offered no excuses. His vanity would not let him plead approaching senility and the only time he had mentioned his weakened heart was when he told Ste. Anne of the injured bird he could hardly reach, so severe was the pain in his side and in his arms.

"You know," Father Carrol began in his even voice, "these bird articles in the weekly paper are quite good. I had no idea bird-watching could be so entertaining."

Father Talbot grunted, letting himself down carefully into the chair, mindful of the pain that had reached down his leg when he sat down to dinner. "I suppose it is all right for those who can find nothing better to do with their time." He lifted an old magazine and thumbed it idly. "All apologies," he added gently, "to St. Francis. He was a special case."

"He was, yes," Father Carrol agreed crisply, giving Father Talbot a quick,

enquiring glance. He could never tell whether or not Father Talbot was conscious of the levity of his remarks at times. Only last month, when that artist fellow came from Moncton to give the statue in the church a coat of paint, Father Talbot had hung about making comments.

"One eye's darker than the other," he had said. "Her toes will need an extra coat. It gets kissed off, you know."

Only Father Talbot's obviously sincere concern for the statue had prevented the artist fellow from bursting into laughter and Father Carrol from bursting into tears of mingled pity and chagrin.

When Father Talbot dozed, Father Carrol replaced the old magazine in the rack and gazed with some concern on the long narrow face with the jutting clean-shaven chin. Even in repose, he thought, Father Talbot looked so much like the big awkward boy he must have been so many years ago.

Mrs. Clement, the housekeeper, came from the kitchen to announce mournfully, "The Honig baby's got itself born. She's sent up her Joanne to ask if you'll baptize it now because it's poorly."

At the name of Honig, Father Talbot's deep-set eyes had flashed open and he rose so suddenly the pain ripped through his side so that it called for all his will not to clutch at it, not to let them know. Father Carrol raised his hand in a staying gesture.

"Let me go, Father Talbot. The weather has grown steadily worse this past hour."

Father Talbot lumbered past him into the hall. "Time for you to go when I am no longer here to comfort them." He wound his muffler about his throat and pulled close the cape Father Carrol laid across his shoulders unwillingly, biting his lips. He turned slowly and looked down at Father Carrol, laying his hand for a moment on his broad shoulder. "'Tis one of the hardest tasks you'll face, my son," he said in a half whisper, "encouraging the widow with small children to say 'Thy will be done.'"

"All the same it's not fit weather for you," Father Carrol protested reasonably, but Father Talbot was already across the veranda and lumbering down the steps. The church loomed large upon his right, the grey steeple pushing itself into the thickening black above. The old copper beech strained in the cold wind, its branches rubbing lightly along the wall, and Father Talbot felt in sympathy with it as he faced the wind with his old tired heart banging his ribs.

In the house Carl Honig had built 10 years ago the three little girls sat on a bench with their hands clasped, their eyes big with awe as his shadow fell over them. He wished he had remembered to bring them an orange. Mrs. Honig lay in the big bed in the corner and beside her lay the crumpled pink scrap of new humanity. "A daughter?" Father Talbot asked briskly. "No." For a moment the glaze lifted from the still pretty blue eyes. "No, Father Talbot, a son."

"Ah!" Father Talbot could not keep back the wide smile of pleasure as he lifted the baby and held it to the light. "Ah, Mrs. Honig, it's a fine laddie! I'm sure with a few extra prayers he will pull through this weakness. What shall we call him?"

LI'L ARNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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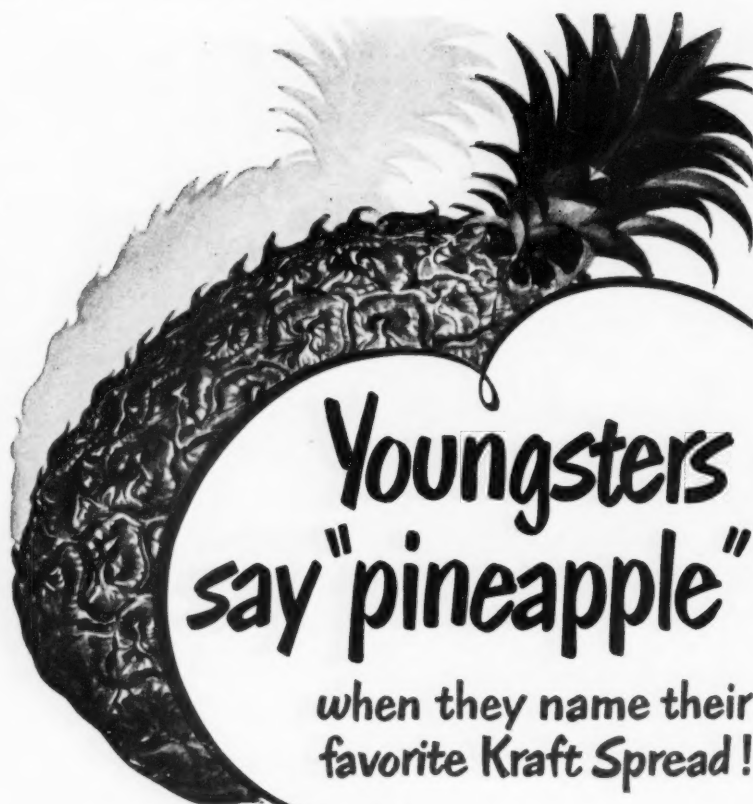


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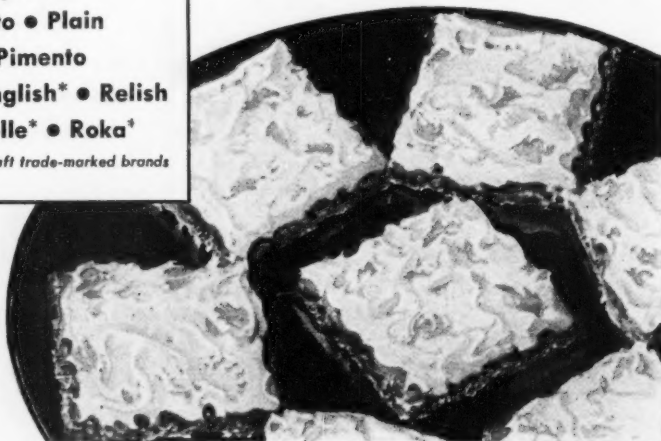
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"Carl."

Father Talbot waited, not turning his eyes from the baby's face, and then heard what he wanted to hear.

"Carl Anthony. St. Anthony loved the poor—"

When the simple rite was over Mrs. Honig reached for the child as if she could no longer bear to have him beyond her reach. Father Talbot tucked the only bill he had under the corner of a pillow. "I'll send Mrs. Clement to stay the night. Father Carrol and I can well manage without her. How do you make out for food and wood?"

"The biggest Renard boy, Joey, fetches wood every morning before sunup. We have vegetables for soup. Soup is good on such cold days."

All the way back up the hill Father Talbot thought of the soup—day after day after day—soup! Ah, well, it would be better when Mrs. Honig was up and around again.

The pain in his side eased a little as he walked across the level ground before the white house by the church, but it had been severe enough to make him realize it was time to take Father Carrol into his confidence concerning the contents of the shoebox. Someday he might not be able to walk back to the house. Someone might find the money and spend it for something other than what it was intended for.

Father Talbot put his hand against the tree by the gate and paused to regain his breath and compose himself before going in. Already the corky bark of this rock elm was standing out in sharp ridges, forewarning of winter. Would he live through another winter? It would be sweet to hear melodious bells chiming from the tower in the spring. Ah, well, everything, like the seasons, in God's good time.

Perhaps he should consider a set of bells for four thousand dollars. In view of the straitened means of the people who came to worship at Ste. Anne's, perhaps it would be kinder to buy a cheaper set. Surely Ste. Anne, who had, perhaps, sometimes worried about food and clothing for her little Mary, would understand. Anything would be better than the big iron bell which clanged him out of bed in the morning. No wonder the village did not prosper when every day was begun on such a sour note!

Father Carrol was still in the parlor reading. Father Talbot called him into his study and offered him the mohair chair reserved for visitors. Father Carrol sat stiffly, mystified by Father Talbot's air of grave secrecy.

"Now, Father Carrol," he began formally, "I want to tell you of something which has been dear to my heart for many years. You know how sensitive are my ears to the sound of bells?"

Father Carrol didn't know but he nodded to indicate it was possible Father Talbot's ears were unusually sensitive.

"How sweet and mellow are the bells in the little churches near my home! Ten thousand times I have heard them in memory since I came to Canada. In short, Father Carrol, it has been my dream to have a fine set of bells at Ste. Anne's before I die."

Father Carrol did not move. "That's not possible," he said slowly. "The people are poor."

"So I thought," Father Talbot nodded. "Yes, they are. But my sharp

eyes afforded me a way to earn the money and the bishop agreed that my dream would be a splendid one for Ste. Anne's. I wrote the bird articles. I had studied their habits long before I decided what my life's work would be. That's how I have been getting this money," he pulled the thick elastic band from the box. "I wanted you to know it was for bells for Ste. Anne."

Father Carrol looked at the box as if it would get up and speak to him. He lifted one packet of bills and laid it down again tenderly. "With the bells to attract them," he murmured, half-incredulous, "the tourists will be turning off the highways to visit us."

"Exactly." Father Talbot shoved the box back into the cupboard. "Ste. Anne's has had a very sad time these past few years. Poor crops, sickness, and then that tragic accident. This winter, Father Carrol, promises to be a hard one, indeed. Those who have even a little to spare must share with those who have too little."

Father Carrol stood up and offered his hand to Father Talbot. "I am glad to know the man who wrote those excellent articles," he smiled and a little warmth came into his otherwise severe face. "Your dream is a fine one for Ste. Anne's."

Punctilious, thought Father Talbot, but sincere. He felt a wave of relief as he shook the cool dry hand. Although he and Father Carrol differed in many ways, he could rest content that Father Carrol would spend the money on bells and nothing else.

In the weeks before Christmas every day seemed to run into the next one for all of them were of a grey and brown texture. Grey sky and brown earth and brown leaves blowing along the road. Grey down on the slender buds of the copper beech and grey birds blown inland on a cold wet wind.

Father Talbot saw it all as he walked each day with Joe, walking slowly up and down the narrow lanes around Ste. Anne's leaning heavily upon the cane. Father Carrol had brought him from Moncton. Joe followed like a brown shadow, his hands thrust deep in his pockets for he had no mitts, and his father's scarf wrapped about his head and tucked into his skimpy jacket.

Sometimes Father Talbot coaxed Joe to speak, but Joe would back away from him, head down, his breath coming in the distressing soundless sobbing until Father Talbot sighed and went on, saying a prayer for Joe as he went. They prayed together every evening for the return of Joe's voice and for the widows and the sick in Ste. Anne's.

Once Father Carrol essayed to teach Joe a kind of sign language but Father Talbot expressed peremptorily the wish that Joe be left untaught. "He'll speak some day. Teaching him to talk with his hands will only lessen his need to use his tongue."

The winter was promising to be far worse than even Father Talbot had apprehended. Wherever he went he saw signs of the grim struggle with acute poverty and despair. The only accord in the village was sold and the old horse the women used to turn the hard sods in their big vegetable gardens. The doctor's old hound was the only dog left. Father Talbot missed the dogs when he saw the children running after the hound to give it a loving pat as it fol-

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lowed the doctor on his rounds. And the children themselves were different. They were quiet and listless, often sulky-looking.

When the two factories in St. Joseph's closed, throwing three men from Ste. Anne's out of work, Father Talbot called for special prayers. The young girls began a novena. "Ste. Anne will hear the little girls," Father Talbot said confidently as three pig-tailed misses ran past them on their way home from church. Joe, being 13, stared darkly after them, then spit so hard he made a round hole in the snow. Father Talbot looked at the hole absently. "Quite a spit you've got, Joey, even if you can't talk."

One day Father Talbot went through the village leaving an orange with every child. Joe carried them in a sack and doled them out as if they were too precious to touch. "I bet," said one small boy enviously, "you have an orange every day from Father Talbot, don't you?"

When Joe did not answer the child pushed against him, then tried to reach up and slap him. Joe took the two hands gently in his and held them still, shaking his head at the boy like an old man.

Father Talbot was depressed by what he saw. The Renards had sold a much-needed bed and the Foxbars, since Harley had broken his leg, were heating one room of their four. "They take turns coming to church," he told Father Carrol, melancholy pitching his voice even lower than usual. "Not enough shoes or coats."

The bell in the tower whanged and the echo rolled dourly over the hills.

"How true it is," said Father Carrol, not lifting his head from the tome he was studying, "that the poor we have always with us, and good fortune and bad seem to ebb and flow like the tides of the ocean."

Father Talbot made a slight gesture of annoyance and went into his study, closing the door firmly after him. His desk was littered with old notes but he wrote nothing. There were birds about still—snow buntings and hawks and the ubiquitous gulls—but he had not been paying them much attention lately. Christmas was almost here, but he had not given that much thought either. He opened the corner cupboard which contained one shelf and a replica of the statue of Ste. Anne and he knelt on the low stool. The pain in his side was most severe, but he hardly noticed it for the pressing melancholy. While he prayed, he remembered clearly to the last dollar how much money lay in the box.

Two days before Christmas a few old wreaths appeared on doors and pine cones daubed with red and white paint. Mrs. Clement tied a red ribbon with a few branches of evergreen to the door of the little house. Mrs. Brodey made and distributed, gratis, the tall white candles which everyone carried to the Midnight Mass. Father Talbot had always looked forward to that time as the high point of the year when he could bless more villagers and strangers together than at any other time. He could look into their faces and tell how well or ill the year had been and this year, he knew, their faces would be sad. There would be tears for the absent and few, if any, toys to make the little ones laugh.

On the afternoon before Christmas Father Talbot paced his study, fretful

and dispirited. His pace was rapid, as if by energetic movement he could delay the functioning of his no longer keen mind and his overly sensitive heart.

For the past week Joe had been pocketing every morsel of food they gave him, every orange, every scrap of bread and cheese. At dinner Father Carrol had asked innocently if he had lost his appetite and Joe had flushed scarlet, his head down, his fingers curled tightly about the little round of hard yellow cheese. Father Talbot realized as he gazed at Joe's painful flush that the boy was taking the food home to his young brothers and sisters. He denied himself all day to give them these little extras when he was dismissed after evening prayers. That explained the crease of anxiety on the boy's face whenever food appeared, the wary tense look and the stubborn droop of his mouth.

Father Talbot stopped pacing abruptly as if he could no longer defend himself by such movement from the increasing tempo of impulses deep within his kindly heart. Slowly he took down the box from the cupboard and opened it. As if he had lifted the lid of a musical box, his memory brought back the sound of the bells of St. Julien, ringing softly and gently through the summer twilight, and his eyes misted. Carefully he shifted the green packets. He could take \$50 to Mrs. Honig and \$20 to Mrs. Bentley. He could give away, say, \$300. It would take just so many more bird articles to make up the deficit. In the spring he would work a little harder—

He was counting the money in twos

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and fives when the noise in the kitchen penetrated the thin walls—Mrs. Clement's voice raised in shocked indignation and a child's wail of protest. Father Talbot laid down the dollars and hurried out, passing Joe who sprawled on the hall floor with a book. Mrs. Clement was in the middle of the kitchen holding a little girl of about nine years by the arm.

"Stealing from the priest's kitchen!" she gasped, giving Juliet Renard a little shake to make her hear better. "Taking without let or leave from the good fathers! I never—in all my days, I never—"

Joe charged past Father Talbot just as he opened his mouth to speak. He jerked Juliet's arm from Mrs. Clement's grasp and faced them defiantly. His face was contorted with shame and effort and a strange bubbly sound came from his throat.

"Hungry!" he blurted. "She's hungry!" He coughed, putting his hand over his mouth and his eyes filled with tears. "You let her be!"

"Ste. Anne be thanked!" Father Talbot breathed, putting out his hand to touch Joe's tousled head. "He can talk—"

"I'm sorry," Joe squeaked, taking the small flitch of bacon from Juliet and setting it on the table.

"Ste Anne be praised!" Father Talbot marveled, staring at Joe with wide bright grey eyes. Mrs. Clement stood with her hands raised and an infinite variety of emotions showing in turn upon her round pink face. Father Talbot ushered Joe and Juliet into the little parlor and opened the box of

candies. "You eat them until I come. I'll be going to the village with you in a moment."

In his study Father Talbot blessed himself quickly and emptied the shoebox of all the little green packets. If giving away \$300 had coincided with the return of Joe's voice, he could take it as a sign that more might be given away to lessen the grim need in the little boxlike homes of Ste Anne's. He pushed the thought of bells far back in his mind. He would think of them later. His hand trembled as he blessed himself again, licked his thumb, and dealt out the dollars like playing cards.

Once he stopped to call into the parlor, "Joey! You go down and ring the bell so people will know something nice has happened." Joe stood in the doorway, obediently attentive, his eyes starting from his head at the sight of the money scattered over the desk. "Yes, Father," he said uncertainly, his voice still a thin squeaking of sound from his throat.

"Don't tell it or they'll think Mrs. Dahoney is dead and don't ring it too fast or they'll think there's been another calamity. Just easy and regular, you understand?"

Joe disappeared. When Father Talbot had separated the bills in accordance with the size and needs of the distressed families, he went out to where Juliet sat on the red plush footstool with the last caramel from the box bulging her pale cheek. She followed Father Talbot silently to the road leading down to the village. The bell was swinging in the steeple, now fast, now slow, *cling - clang, clingetty - clingetty - clang!* Father Talbot pulled his muffler over his ears to drown out some of the sound. Snow was falling in big puffy flakes and Juliet ran at them with her little pink tongue thrust out.

Mrs. Clement caught them under the beech. She thrust the bacon wrapped in newspaper into Juliet's arms. "We can spare it, Father, if you don't mind—"

Father Talbot looked at Juliet's face and wondered how he was going to get around to the matter of penances.

"Merry Christmas," Father Talbot said in the Foxbars' front room where Harley sat with his leg propped up on a chair and his youngest children clustered about him. The older ones were out with their mother looking for wood. "Merry Christmas, Father," they answered quietly, respectfully, and no one smiled. Father Talbot drew the packet of dollars from the bundle he carried and laid it on the scrubbed table. "That's bell money," he said in thick tones. "Money for bells for Ste. Anne. I saved it. You can buy her a nice set of bells later, when you're better. Bells from France," he added.

He hurried away while Harley Foxbar turned the packet of dollars over and over in his hard hands, his lips parted in disbelief. Mrs. Honig looked at the money he set on her table, then laid her cheek down by the baby's and cried quietly. Father Talbot left her with her little girls to comfort her and loped hastily away, Juliet fast on his heels.

"Joey can speak," she squealed at her startled mother. "Joey's ringing the bell 'cause he can talk now!"

Father Talbot said, "Ste. Anne be thanked!" and swayed on, his cassock and cape whipping out in the snow-



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laden wind and Juliet trotted after him, hugging the bacon in her aching arms..

"He's taken leave of his senses!" Mrs. Carrio shrieked in alarm as she ran across the road to hold the dollars in shaking hands under Max Brooker's big nose. "Mad! He's gone mad! And where would he get so much money? How can we accept?"

"How can you refuse?" Max asked, looked darkly into her hysterical face.

They watched the tall black-clad figure stride on from door to door, heard Juliet's piping of "Joey can speak! Merry Christmas!" and up on the hill the bell *ding-clanged*.

The grey twilight thickened into pearly dark and then to a soft blackness pinned overhead with stars. Thin blue streaks of smoke rose from the chimneys and each window was a square of light. They were crossing the Gauthiers' potato field when Juliet said sadly, "Ste. Anne won't like you any more, Father Talbot. You promised her pretty bells."

"That's what's worrying me," said Father Talbot.

"Never mind," said Juliet in quick sympathy. "Helping poor people is a good deed and Mama always said a good deed rang the bells of heaven. Ste. Anne will hear them now."

"If Joe'd stop ringing," Father Talbot retorted crustily.

There were faces at every window along the street. Father Talbot hunched his shoulders in embarrassment as doors began to open. He was exhausted and numb with cold and the events and words of the past hour and a half whirled in confusion through his tired mind. The pain in his side, now his melancholy had gone with his dollars, seemed unbearably severe. He was conscious of a muffled sound behind him but he did not turn. He wanted to go to Ste. Anne's niche and pray. He was glad that he had given the money away, but he felt a little sad and very lonely without his dear hope of lovely chimes in the bare steeple.

They had reached a turn in the road when Juliet said, "Oh, Father Talbot, do look behind!"

The snow had thinned and the wind had died down. The one street of Ste. Anne's was bright with candle-light and people were moving out of their homes to join those already moving slowly along the street. Carefully they came on in the long pool of light and there on the edge of the pool was Harley Foxbar on his rough crutches and his children about him with fat little candles to light his way. Father Talbot brushed his sleeve across his eyes. Surely it was the cold that made them water so.

Thin and sweetly clear came Tommy Reilly's fine young tenor.

*Adeste fideles
Laeti triumphantes
Venite, venite in Babilem*

Slowly the others joined in, Max Booker's heavy bass and Mrs. Brodey's rich contralto and then the young girls like a set of flutes piping shrill and sweet on the cold clear air so Father Talbot drew in a long breath of sheer delight.

Behind him Father Carroll opened the doors of the church. "Whatever's happened?" he called urgently.

Father Talbot shook the last bits of snow from his cassock. "Joey can speak," he said calmly. "I gave away the bell money and they're coming now to give thanks."

Father Carroll hastened back into the church and Father Talbot slipped away to the red oak behind the church on a little rise of ground where he could watch without being noticed. He wanted to see the people round the last curve of the road and file into the church, to see the windows burst into a gold glow and hear the organ swelling.

The bell far out at sea was ringing slowly, the sound drifting in, and the bell in the steeple let fall one last thundering *ubang!* Somewhere along the road a forgotten child was dragging a cluster of sleighbells behind him to church. He could hear their bright chiming above the dull echoing of the big bell and through the two silvery notes flung inland from the sea. The bells of St. Julien were sounding in his ears again the colorful tones he so dearly loved. A good deed rang the bells in heaven. Father Talbot shook his head slowly for he felt there were hundreds of bells ringing, chiming, caroling, sharp and mellow and heaventoned in a symphony of gladness pierced by the flutelike voices of the girls now entering the church.

Joe thrust his head under Father Talbot's arm. He smiled fondly up into the rugged face. "Fa-father Talbot. The prayers, Father."

"My boy," said Father Talbot, "if ever Ste. Anne's has a good set of bells, promise you'll ring them light and easy and give the note a chance to reach its farthest distance before sending another after it? Give the ears a chance to taste the tone as it were, eh?"

"I'm so happy," Joe said simply. "I rang like I was happy."

Father Talbot turned to the lighted door. "With good bells to ring," he said hopefully, "you must try and keep a little melancholy in your joy. It is good for the soul as well as for the bells."

"I promise you, Father," Joe answered and stopped as he saw all the people craning about in their pews to smile at him. The church was crowded to the last seat and in the corner two little children were alternately lighting and dousing each other's candle. Joe hurried to interfere and Father Talbot moved up the aisle, his eyes fixed on the niche. They had set Mrs. Brodey's beautiful tall white candles about Ste. Anne and the little grandmother stood straight and serene and smiling with the halo of golden light all around her. +

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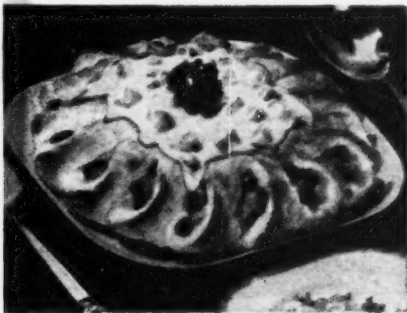
SPICY GLAZE: 1 c. honey, ½ c. syrup drained from canned pineapple, ½ tsp. cinnamon, ¼ tsp. cloves. Boil 12 min., stirring frequently; cool.
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Planning a Holiday Party?

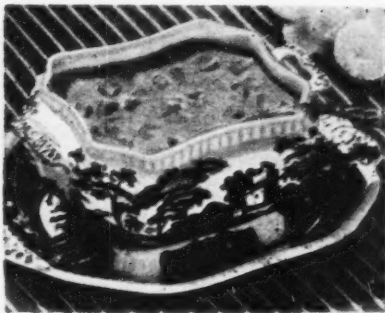
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2 GRAND IDEAS FOR LEFTOVERS . . .

HAM-VEGETABLE RING: Mix biscuit dough, using 2 c. flour. Roll to 24" x 5" rectangle. Brush with prepared mustard. Spoon 2 c. diced, cooked vegetables (drained) lengthwise on half of dough. Fold dough over vegetables; seal edges. Shape into ring, sealed edge



toward center. Place on cookie sheet. Cut gashes ¾ way through at 1¼" intervals. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) about 15 min. Fill center with cubed, cooked Swift's Premium Ham in white sauce.

MAIN DISH SOUP: Use the ham bone to make the best split pea soup ever! Try adding diced carrots and onions, and a dash of nutmeg.

Swift's unique system of quality control assures you the same superbly mellow flavour . . . the same delicious tenderness in every Swift's Premium Ham. Anytime, anywhere you buy it, Swift's Premium is sure to be perfect . . . sure to do you proud!



For a gift you'd love to get . . . Swift's Premium Ham in bright Christmas wrappings.



**By barrel,
by ship,
and long rail haul.**

In the early days of the Mutual Life of Canada, few people realized the vast riches that would be wrested from this great Canadian land. Oil for lubrication and light had to come by ship and rail from other countries, perhaps to be hauled by horse or man to its ultimate destination. Now enterprising investment is working great changes.



LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST

THE CREDULOUS AIR

Continued from page 19

10-dollar bill, from her desk there by the railing.

She had good reason to snigger, thought Judd, as he settled back to earth in a solid three-point landing. Girls take time and money, and he had none to spare of either. His DVA tuition had petered out just a year short of his bar exams, and he had set himself to finish on schedule nevertheless, by means of night law classes supported by a daytime job at the Better Business Bureau. It made a rugged seven-day week, but Judd Hewitt was a purposeful young man. Keep the old nose clean, and tight down on the grindstone for only six more months now, and then maybe he could raise his head and look around. Meanwhile nothing, and he meant nothing, was going to throw him off the rails.

By the time she found the money and phoned her gratitude, he was back in the groove, and told her casually to think nothing of it.

When she returned his money, promptly on the afternoon of the 15th, he was out snatching his usual hasty doughnut-and-cup-of-coffee, after interviewing complainants throughout the luncheon hour. When he returned, and Miss Crabtree handed him the envelope with the 10-dollar bill and a sincere little note of thanks, he was surprised by his pang of disappointment at having missed her.

Miss Crabtree's sharp eyes were on his face; her expression was a bit more puckered than usual. "Don't worry," she said in her gravelly voice. "We'll see plenty of that girl. She's the original baby-faced Miss E. Z. Mark in person, if I ever saw one."

Judd was indignant at the time, but later he had to admit that Miss Crabtree could pick them. He tried to ignore the I-told-you-so glance she tossed him as she buzzed his phone the following Tuesday and he heard Kathy's warm drawl in the earpiece.

Kathy was afraid she was bothering him about nothing, but a gentleman wanted to give her a radio audition. "I did a little singin' back home," she explained. The gentleman wanted a fee of \$25 for the tryout, and for listing her with the radio stations. "And I remembered there was something about that sort of thing in the book you gave me. But Mr. Barnes is so nice, and so interested, I'm probably doing him a terrible injustice—"

"Barnes? Barnes?" said Judd. "That name seems familiar. You'd better come on down while I look in our files."

Judd showed her Mr. Barnes' record. Her brown eyes were big and sorrowful. "It doesn't seem possible," she said. "He was so kind."

"In a big city like this," Judd said, admiring the shine of her black hair, "you've simply got to be suspicious." She laughed rather sadly, and Judd found himself thinking of the line in a musical hit number about laughter that sings in your dreams. He told her to check with him again any time she was in doubt.

She did, and soon. She'd ordered a batch of nylons from a young man at her door. The nylons failed to arrive.

"I'm afraid your down payment is gone," Judd told her. "It's a standard doorbell racket—Number 41 in that booklet I gave you."

"But he seemed like such a nice boy," she sighed. "And the nylons were only half what they'd cost me downtown."

"Natch," Judd explained. "Your downtown storekeeper actually delivers the goods, so he has to pay for them."

This lad doesn't. You can read all about it in that book I gave you. You simply must be a little more suspicious."

"I'll try," she said, and her big brown eyes were very earnest.

Judd finally got impatient with her when she was about to send in a \$25-down payment on a pair of fancy chin-chilla rabbits. The rabbits would be kept for her at a fur farm 900 miles away, according to the sales letter; she would get the profits from their myriad progeny.

Kathy almost cried. "I was so afraid you'd find something wrong with it, I nearly didn't call you. It sounded so logical

and convincing. I had a pair of rabbits when I was a little girl. I know how fast they multiply."

"You need to learn how to add and subtract," Judd told her sternly, "before you get into multiplication. You're still a little girl. And this is Racket Number 141 in the book I gave you. How did they get on your trail?"

"I answered a circular somebody left in my mailbox. I sent in a coupon for free information. I always loved rabbits. And I've had a salary raise and I thought I could afford to invest—"

"Oh migosh," said Judd. "You sent in your name and address. The gyp boys swap sucker lists. You ought to hear from this."

By now, whenever Judd looked into her trusting brown eyes his heart bucked and stuttered as if it were running on too rich a mixture, and his throat got dry. It began to seem that if he couldn't teach her to quit falling for every con game that came along, the whole education program of the Better Business Bureau was a bust.

At the same time he was acutely

For You, At Christmas

By ELAINE V. EMANS

If I could give you any Christmas present
Conceivable, it would be one or more

Of these: the rediscovery it is pleasant

To walk—wood-path or street or sandy shore—

In days of too much riding; ears that listen

To name the throats when rhapsodies are showered

Like golden rain through trees; always, aglisten,

A pocketful of courage; hope, new-flowered

After each interval you thought it done:

The knowledge in you nothing can be quite

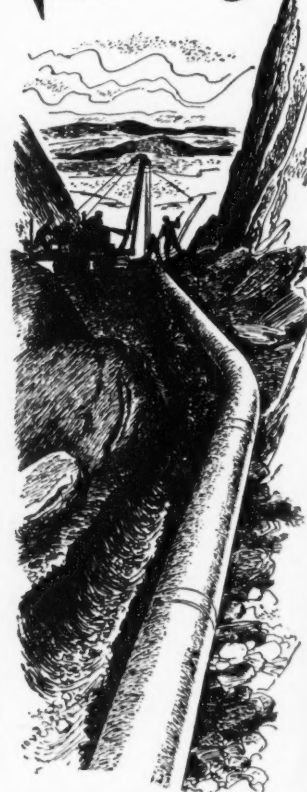
Impossible to do; and, one by one,

As you lift out the coming days from bright

Or sombre wrappings, deep assurance you

Have your own niche to fill, your work to do.

1950



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line carry it swiftly.**

Canada's newest pipe line will transport 129,950 barrels of oil a day, through 1,150 miles from the oil fields of the west to the consuming centres of industry. While providing protection for our homes and families, life insurance companies like the Mutual Life of Canada also make capital available for such projects which benefit us all.

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LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST

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► If your gift problem is a man, he's sure to welcome Inglis-Shakespeare Fishing Tackle. Try him with a reel. There are 13 Inglis-Shakespeare Reels to choose from—for bait casting—for fly casting. You can always rely on Inglis-Shakespeare. It means the best in Fishing Tackle—the best in Fishing Enjoyment. And the price is right. See the complete line of Inglis-Shakespeare fishing equipment at your sporting goods dealer's.



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embarrassed by her. Miss Crabtree knew her voice and tipped off the rest of the staff whenever Kathy called him. McLaughlin, portly manager of the financial frauds division, and little Burnett, of merchandising, who also checked the want-ads for stuffed flats, fake territorial rights, etc., ribbed him increasingly with solicitous enquiries as to the health and well-being of "our most loyal customer." Miss Crabtree maliciously relayed one of Kathy's calls to him in the middle of a staff conference in Willoughby's office. When Judd hung up the phone, his ears red, Willoughby observed drily, "In this business, Hewitt, one must learn to distinguish between the hopeful and the hopeless. Try to avoid wasting valuable Bureau time on the occasional nitwit."

Judd was slightly encouraged when Kathy called him about a chain letter scheme which threatened evil fortune if she broke the endless links of suckers; she promptly threw it in the wastebasket at his suggestion. He was discouraged when she bought \$2 worth of tickets for an orphans' benefit which paid four per cent of the proceeds to the orphans and 96% to the promoter and his corps of legmen.

"Poor little kids," she murmured when Judd told her the promoter's record. "I'm glad I didn't call you first. At least they got eight cents out of my two dollars. I might have been an orphan myself."

"If you had been, maybe you'd be more suspicious now," Judd sighed. She was nicely put together; in a grey plaid skirt and yellow sweater she made a lovely little package. The only bump missing was the invisible bump of business caution, he decided. He couldn't help wishing that his Spartan schedule allowed time for an occasional date. But at the same time he realized that a future Better Business Bureau official could never afford to become serious over a girl who by now was the subject of a spare-time title contest between McLaughlin and Burnett, resulting in such unofficial awards as Most Voluptuous Victim of the Year, Hewitt's Heavenly Halfwit, and Lass with the Credulous Air.

There had to be a climax, of course. She called him one Saturday morning about 10.45—the worst possible time. Willoughby had scheduled a "must" staff conference at 11; Miss Crabtree rolled her eyes to the ceiling as she put Kathy's call through, then fixed Judd with a warn-

ing stare which never wavered throughout his conversation.

"Oh, Judd—Mr. Hewitt!" Kathy's drawl was quickened; he detected a beat of excitement in her tones. "I decided I'd better call you on this—you might be disgusted with me if I didn't tell you till after I'd bought it. But—"

"What," asked Judd, "are you buying now?"

"Uranium," answered Kathy.

"What."

"Uranium. The stuff they make atoms out of. It's a mine—and it's not just a speculation—it's a sort of patriotic duty, to help buy up all the uranium mine shares, especially now that the old Russians have the atom secret—"

"Whoa," said Judd. "Please tell me what cooks, in plain English."

"I have to hurry. Mr. Glencannon will be here any minute. He's a big mining man—"

"Where is here?" Judd demanded.

"My apartment. I don't work on Saturdays, you know. But Mr. Glencannon—"

"Listen," said Judd. "I'll be there in 10 minutes. If he's already there when I come, tell him—oh, introduce me as your

boy friend, coming by to pick you up for lunch and a movie."

He rechecked her address from his records, and under the scandalized eyes of Miss Crabtree, Willoughby, McLaughlin and Burnett, he jammed on his hat.

"No time to explain. I'll try to make the last half of the conference," he called back from the doorway.

"Hewitt!" came Willoughby's voice, with a warning lift to it. But Judd let the door slam behind him, and wondered if it was slamming shut on his chosen future.

Kathy lived in a tall brick apartment house only a few blocks out of the business district. A long midnight-blue convertible was parked across the street. Judd slowed his hurrying steps to take a second look at the license number. It could belong to Mr. Glencannon, and a Better Business Bureau man never knows when such items might be useful.

Kathy's apartment was a living-room-and-kitchenette affair on the third floor. Mr. Glencannon, a heavy-jowled man with grizzled tongues of hair in front of his thick ears, was plainly displeased by the interruption. He rose at Kathy's



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LOOK at Santa's cheeks! They're actually fat and round—not flat like ordinary cookies! It's because these Swift'ning cookie cutters are 3 dimensional! There are no others like them!

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Switching
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Please send me . . . set(s) of cookie cutters. I enclose 50¢ in coin and one Swift'ning box top for each set.

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It's a HAPPY CUSTOM—putting that extra candle on the birthday cake for Baby to "grow on."

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A WORD OF COUNSEL

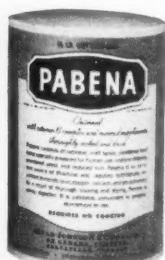
For everything concerning your child's health and nutrition, it's wise to take him regularly to the doctor. You can make no richer investment in his future than the knowledge and skill of your doctor added to your own loving care.



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introduction; gathering up a sheaf of papers from the endtable, he started tucking them into a black brief case.

Judd was more than a little anxious to get his hands on Mr. Glencannon's sales kit. "Don't let me interrupt," he urged. "I guess I got here a bit early. Go right ahead with your business, Mr. Glencannon—I've got a brother in the life insurance business, and I know how it is."

"It isn't insurance, it's uranium," said Kathy, "and I'm terribly interested."

"Uranium?" said Judd. "I've read some newspaper articles about it. What's your connection with it?"

The stocky man's heavy face tightened with sudden concentration and he studied Judd intently, his black eyes darting about over the other's features. Judd thought hard, *I'm just another innocent sucker, mister; I'm always interested in a chance to triple my money.*

For an instant Glencannon's face smoothed, and he fumbled with the catch of his briefcase. Judd must have let his elation glimmer through, for the stocky man's black eyes froze, and he picked up his hat.

"Never try to compete with romance," Glencannon said, wreathing his lips into a smile. "Business would seem very boring to you two young people just now. I may call you next week for another appointment, Miss Day, if I'm still in town."

"Oh, I hope you will," said Kathy.

He wouldn't, Judd knew, and here went the one chance of justifying that AWOL from Willoughby's staff conference. When Glencannon opened the door, Judd casually moved into the opening.

"Look," he said. "I feel like a heel, messing up your business call this way."

The stocky man's smile vanished; he put on his hat firmly. He was shorter than Judd, but solid. "Think nothing of it, young fellow," he said. "Another time. Good-by, Miss Day." He sought to brush past, but Judd filled the door.

"No," Judd urged. "Don't go. I'm interested in your proposition."

He thought he was watching the bulky man like a hawk, but he didn't duck quite fast enough. He found himself sitting on the floor, with Kathy's arm around his neck, while the Columbia sparklers slowly quit shooting sparks.

"Judd, Judd, your poor eye," Kathy cried. "I'll get some cold water."

An automobile engine stuttered in a full-throated growl in the street below. By the time Judd reached the window the sound was dying away in the distance. Peering through his one good eye, Judd saw that there was a gap where the blue convertible had been parked.

Kathy came with a dripping cloth, but he pushed past her to the phone. "Didn't get me squarely," he said. "Fast guy with a blackjack, though." While she squeezed a cold wet cloth against his eye, he talked earnestly with the police. When he hung up, he explained:

"Glencannon's face is familiar. He has smallpox, all right."

"What?" Kathy hit a high note.

"I mean, he's wanted. I've seen his picture in some of the Bureau bulletins from other cities. But you can't have a guy arrested without something definite. Best thing I could think of on the spur of the moment was to give him a reason to assault me, so I could get him pinched while I was looking him up." Judd rubbed his aching head. "Only I didn't think he'd assault me so successfully. For a fatty, he's sure fast."

"I think you're simply marvelous, to figure things out like that," Kathy said.

"They ought to pick him up before he gets very far with the license number and the description I gave them," Judd mused. "He wouldn't have clipped me if he wasn't hot. This ought to square me at the office and even get me a gold star on my report card. But you—" peering up at her—"how did you get mixed up in this one?"

"They sent me such an interesting letter," Kathy began.

"That was from getting your name on the sucker lists with the rabbit deal," Judd said.

"So I sent in the return postcard," Kathy went on. "And Mr. Glencannon followed it up."

"So you sent in the return postcard," Judd groaned. "Look, don't you know you're getting into rough company?"

Her flower-garden skin was still pale and her brown eyes were extra big as she hovered over him, wet cloth in hand. He felt his logic crumbling, so his wise resolutions swept downstream. He shoved the phone away and pulled her over to him.

"Suspicion just isn't in you," he said. "There's only one way I can take care of your case." He looked up at her significantly.

Pink slid into her cheeks. "How?"

He pulled her down and kissed her, and her arms suddenly hugged him.

"You won't see much of me till I get past my law exams," he said. "But you're the wife of a Better Business Bureau man, the gyp boys ought to ease up on you, if you'll give them a chance. Please, honey—" His voice was so plaintive she drew back to look at him.

"I'd sure be embarrassed," he said. "if my wife came into the office some afternoon, crying, 'Oh, Judd, darling, I just bought the city hall for only \$15.'"

She smiled down at him tenderly. "You needn't worry, Judd, darling. I've read the racket book you gave me, dozens of times. That's where I learned how to get my name on sucker lists."

"But why—" Judd began, and stopped, for all at once he knew.

"You were so sweet, that first time when I really got gypped, to lend me money to live on till payday—I wanted to see you again. And your old job, and your old night law course, kept you so darned busy—the only way I could see you was on business. It didn't cost much, and it was so worth it."

Judd had recovered by now. He pulled her tight against him, and kissed her with fervor.

"In future," he said, "I simply must be more suspicious." +

Watch for "What It's Like To Be Me"

BY KATE AITKEN IN OUR JANUARY ISSUE

CANNED SALMON

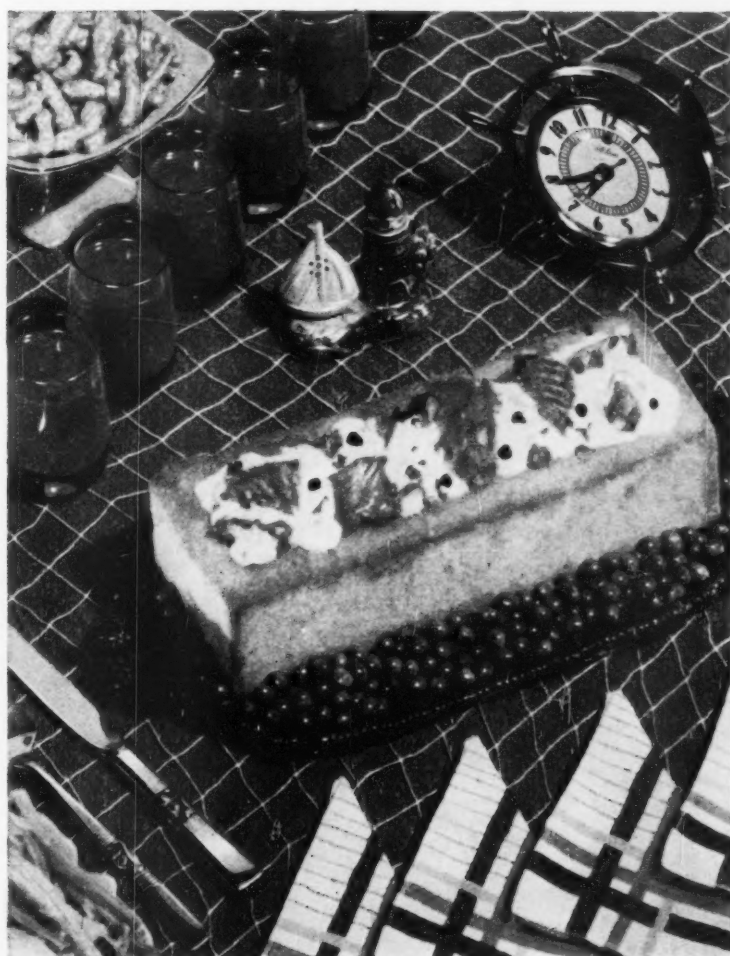
~ suggestions

The Salmon Noodle Loaf Ring, illustrated upper left, is just one of a wide variety of ways Canned Salmon helps you beat soaring food costs yet allows you to set appetizing, nutritious meals before a hungry family. Salmon Noodle Loaf Ring is a good example of how Canned Salmon as a "combiner" complements and extends many basic foods to give you good tasting main dishes at a saving.

Dinner party elegance, lower left, comes off to your complete satisfaction with a delicious, eye-filling Salmon mousse. The secret of the popular appeal of this perfect special occasion delicacy is richly delicious Canned Sockeye Salmon. Salads and cold plates made with red Sockeye Salmon, with the icy tang of the sea literally sealed in, is just another way Canned Salmon makes successful meal planning easier.

Salmon Croustade below, is a main dish economy meal that features stick-to-the-ribs goodness and excellent nutritional value. With red Sockeye Salmon, "ways" are easy on budget "means" because Canned Salmon is the perfect extender, hot, cold or in sandwiches. Pound for pound, penny for penny, Canned Salmon is an economical food buy.

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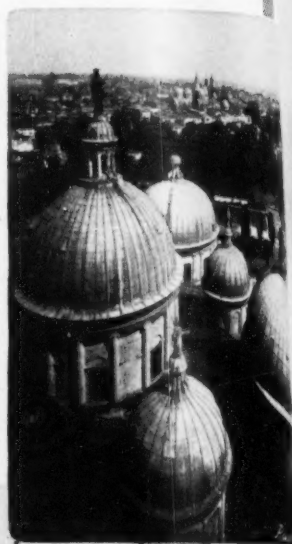
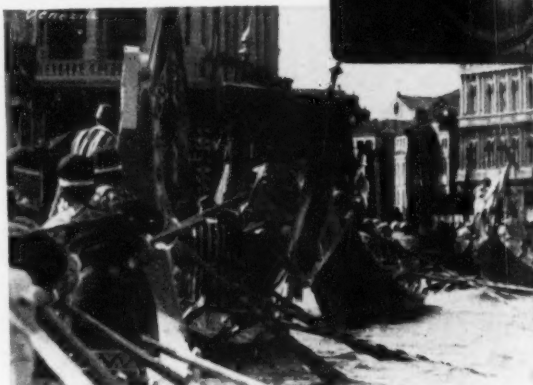
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HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 20

stuff herself, but "We always have fudge sauce for Daughter's first dinner home."

"—on Christmas Eve," Mrs. Allerton was concluding, "because we have a very special little family ritual then."

Jim made a great effort. He had hoped it wouldn't be necessary but the handwriting was on the wall. The Allertons would have to sink or swim at Wakefield.

"Mamie's writing to invite us up over Christmas," he said, and forced himself to add jovially, "All four of us." Mamie was Jim's mother, so called by friends, family, children and grandchildren because it happened to be her old-fashioned name. Mamie ignored nicknames although she lived in a sea of them. "Brad and Tottie can't come, so there's lots of extra room. Tot's expecting another."

"Goodness," said Mrs. Allerton, looking apprehensively at Daughter. "Doesn't that make three wee ones?"

"Yep," said Jim coarsely, "or four. I lose track. But it'll be a big Christmas anyway. Grace and Hank and their small fry are coming and Jinx is bringing both her roommates, and we think Ginger may announce her—"

"So nice of her," Cissie's mother said. "But our Christmas Eve means so much to us. We have always called it Threesies. But now"—and she looked straight at Jim—"now it will be Foursies, because, James, you will be here too."

"Not me," thought Jim, taking a tighter grip on the tug rope that was slipping so fast through his hands to the opposite side, "Not me."

It was October by then and Thanksgiving was upon them but, much as Jim had counted on it as a pawn, it solved nothing. They didn't go to either family because Jim had flu and, as far as he was concerned, it felt like terminal pneumonia. Cissie waited upon him hand, foot, and thermometer, and Mrs. Allerton was always just offstage with fruit juices, prescriptions, and, on Thanksgiving night, turkey broth and dry toast.

"What does it matter?" she said in the next room, "so long as we're all together?"

Jim gritted his teeth and felt his temperature rise. The bedside telephone rang and he picked it up. Voices and radio music poured through the receiver ahead of Mamie's clipped telephone accents. "James? Happy Thanksgiving." She brushed Thanksgiving quickly aside. She had never cared for it, she said, since turkeys had become just a weekend special at the markets. "I hear you've had flu. It's been everywhere. Are you better? How's Celia? Are the Allertons with you? That's nice. I just called to tell you we are thinking of you and to remind you we expect you all over Christmas." Mamie was always short on the telephone. Her reaction to toll bills was a family joke and she had hung up before Cissie got there.

"Who was that? You shouldn't have answered," she said, taking the mouthpiece from Jim's dying grasp.

"It was Mamie," said Jim. "She just called to say Happy Thanksgiving and"—he let his voice trail off weakly—"to say she was expecting us all up for Christmas." "That'll fix it," he thought.

But afterward he remembered the whispers edged with silence from the next room.

A little more of the span between the holidays slipped by before Jim broached the subject again. He was getting to be a cagey old married man.

"Tell you what," he said brightly at another breakfast, "I'll knock off all day the twenty-fourth so we can drive out to Wakefield in the morning. We always bring in the tree and set it up at noon so the heat brings down the branches ready to trim at twilight. People begin dropping in about then with presents and plants and things and stay for buffet supper. We always said, ever since I can remember, if a tree doesn't hit the ceiling, it doesn't count, and our downstairs ceilings are 10 feet."

"Jim," said Cissie, looking desperate, "if it means so much to you to go up to Wakefield for Christmas, all right. We'll split it. It's Christmas Eve that Daddy and Mummy care most about—on account of—Threesies," she had the grace to blush over the word, Jim noted grimly, but she went on, "and we'll go up to Mamie's for Christmas Day. We'd get there in plenty of time for dinner."

"In time for dinner and a nap. Who cares about dinner? Just a lot of food. It's Christmas Eve and breakfast that are fun. We open our stockings at breakfast, everybody from the baby to the cook. I thought we were all going to have a big time together. It isn't as if your mother and father weren't coming too, or if they lived in the country I'd give in. But a little apartment! What do you want? To have us sit around a potted tree on the dining room table? While we eat a small—a very small—frozen turkey?"

"Suppose I said yes, I do?" Cissie snapped back, "A real family night, a holy night, and not a brawl like a circus carnival."

Suddenly they stopped shouting and each heard what the other was saying. There was a dreadful silence. Cissie burst into tears.

"Oh, I didn't mean it," she sobbed. "Of course I didn't."

"Neither did I," said Jim, holding her tight and kissing her wet eyes.

And it was true. They didn't mean it for the rest of the night and almost the rest of the week. But by Friday they meant it again and the light was all the worse because the war had gone underground. On Friday Mamie came to the city shopping and stopped in at the apartment lugging two big cardboard cartons tied with the thin zigzagging string that proclaims live and ten cent store origin.

"Big but light," she said cheerfully, parking them at the door. "New tree ornaments. Old Cat climbs up and kills flocks of them every year."

Jim laughed. "Old Cat thinks it's his tree. You can hear his ping-pangs regular as a ship's clock all Christmas week."

Cissie wasn't smiling. She knew what was coming next and it did.

"Well, youngweds," Mamie said, "what time will you be out Christmas Eve Day? In time for lunch, I hope."

There was a hush, so dead that Jim knew Cissie wasn't going to answer. "Aren't sure yet," he mumbled, "Cissie sort of feels—maybe not till Christmas dinner."

"Christmas dinner! Why it's Christmas Eve that's—" Mamie turned in

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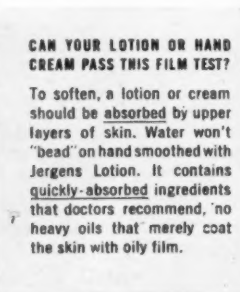
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consternation to Cissie, saw her tight lips, changed gears (Mamie had other children-in-law) and went on smoothly, "Well, we'll be sorry. I was hoping for your mother and father too, you know." Still silence spread around her and she stood up. "I must go. I took the train in, the highway is so slippery. I forgot I had all this stuff to tote back."

Jim took the cartons down in the elevator for her and put her in a taxi with them. He didn't mention Christmas. In fact he didn't speak at all except to say, "By, Mamie. Can you manage, or shall I ride down to the station and give you a hand to the train?"

"Heavens, no," said Mamie. "You should see what I hoist home from the grocery." She waved back at him from the taxi window and saw that his lips were as tight as Celia's.

"Oh dear," said Mamie.

"Oh dear," Mamie repeated next morning reading Mrs. Allerton's polite regrets for Christmas "—as we have other plans." They're taking A Stand, and James is going to lose. I hope he gives in decently."

He did pretty well, everything considered. When he came back to the apartment after seeing Mamie off, Cissie had shot him a suspicious glance. "She thinks we hatched up something," Jim thought. "Let her think."

They had a silent little dinner. Good, like all Cissie's dinners, but neither of them enjoyed it.

"Got to go out and get some razor blades," Jim said when it was over. He couldn't hang on to his temper much longer.

"Wait a minute and I'll—" Cissie called from the kitchenette, but he pretended not to hear her. He took a fast walk down round the block. The stereotyped urban wreaths and trees in the smart apartment foyers only irritated him. Darn it. Christmas was a country time and Cissie was going to see a country Christmas. He strode purposefully back to find Cissie a sodden mass of tears on the sofa.

"You were gone so long," she sobbed, "and I know how much you want to go to Wakefield. And I know I'm being hoggy. But please, please, this year, Jimmy, let us have our Christmas Eve with Mummy and Daddy. Next year they'll be more used to it. Me being gone." ("Three blocks away," Jim muttered.) "And Mamie has so ma-a-any of you."

"That's why—" Jim started, and suddenly he didn't care. The fun had gone out of it. "Okay Celia," he said. "Have it your way."

"Oh, you're mad. You're awfully mad when you call me Celia," Cissie wailed, "but I—"

"No, I'm not," said Jim, "stop crying. I'm a big boy now. I don't have to hang up my stocking."

He bought the sapphire guard ring, but there wasn't much kick to it. It cost too much, as he'd known all along, and he went through with it only because he was ashamed of his impulse to punish Cissie by taking her at her word and giving her the fountain pen she suggested when she explained that the Allerton ritual called for presents small enough to hang on the potted table tree he had foreseen. They were to hang unwrapped, one for each Foursie. Ninesies, that made it, if Jim's mathe-

matics were correct. No room for nonsense, he thought wryly, knowing the mountain of packages already rising in the hall at Wakefield. Presents wrapped for mailing, wrapped by children, wrapped by stores, presents falling out of wrappings. Oh, the heck with it! But enough holiday spirit leaked to him from other shoppers so that he bought a pair of fine old Georgian sugar tongs for Mrs. Allerton. They would look cute hanging on the bough of a little tree. And a paper-thin silver knife for Mr. Allerton to show that there wasn't—much—hard feeling. Then to blow off steam he sent the biggest mahogany salad bowl he could find to Mamie. "Toss an Allerton in it for me," he wrote on the card attached to the giant fork and spoon. Mamie was always complaining that salad bowls were too small. It was his only Christmas joke. Other years he had haunted certain obscure side streets hunting down the disreputable stocking presents that were his specialty. He told himself he was too busy now. He was a businessman with a wife to take care of his Christmas list for him. Cissie had done it very nicely. She showed him everything before she wrapped it.

It snowed, off and on, all of December twenty-second, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth. The snow stayed white even in the city until the army of shovelers churned it to a soiled mush. Jim tried not to think how Wakefield was looking. There should be enough snow there, he calculated, to drag out the old toboggan if this new crop of kids had energy enough to pack a good track for it. And the Parkers and Stevensons would rout out the old sleigh. A straw ride Christmas Eve. They hadn't had one for years, and everyone would end up back at—back home.

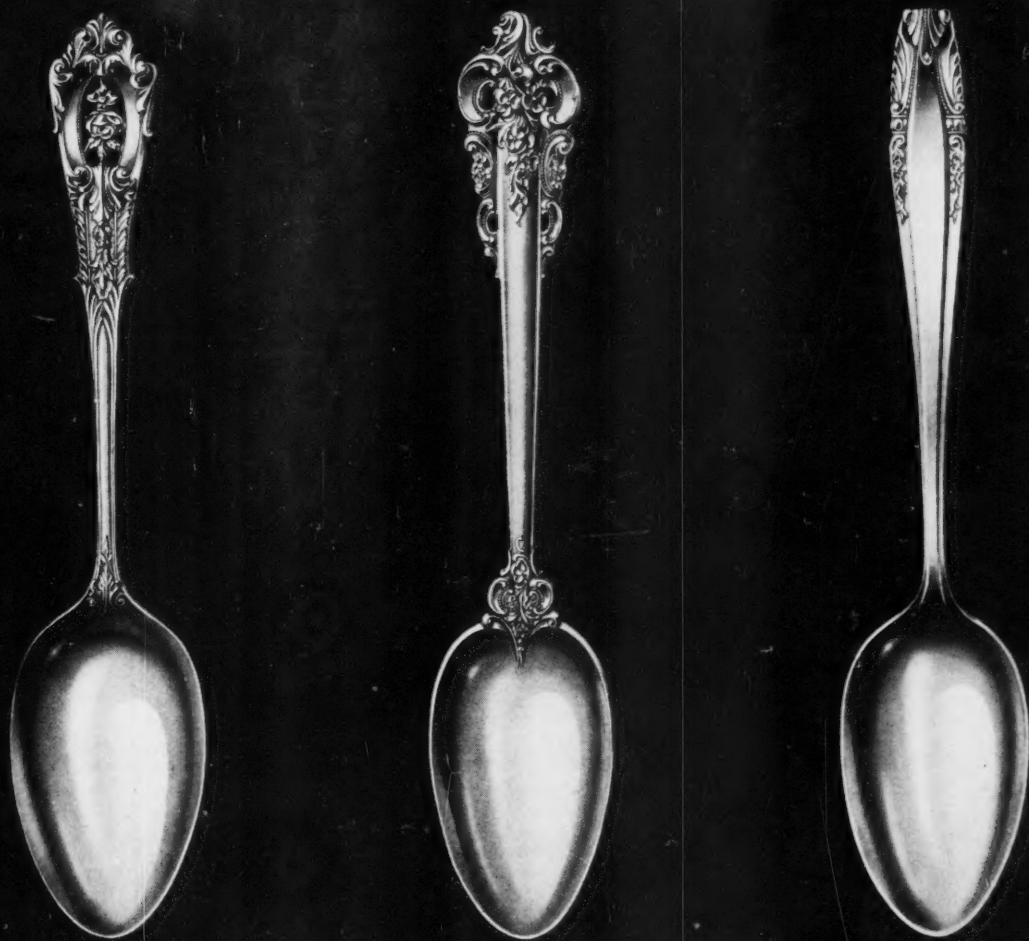
By eight o'clock Christmas Eve he had tipped everybody in his office building, everybody at his club, tipped his way up to the apartment to Cissie, tipped his way back down again, and walked her the three blocks to the Allertons. They didn't need a taxi. Ninesies went easily in your pocket so there wasn't even the fun of bumping along with a lot of big packages so you had to say, "Oh, sorry. Merry Christmas," to half the people you passed. Jim guessed it was time he did grow up, sulking about a thing like that, and he started to whistle "God Rest Ye Merrie, Gentlemen" but it died early. He tipped their way through the Allertons' apartment lobby and up to the Allertons' floor. Except for the wreath on the door it was like any Thursday evening, Jim thought. Same crowd, that was one sure thing. Probably same darn fudge sauce.

He was wrong. It wasn't like any Thursday and it was nice.

"Oh, Jim," Cissie had said imploringly just before the door opened. Her hands were cold and she was trembling. "Please try to like it."

He didn't have to try. He did like it. First of all they had goose. Jim had never eaten goose. He had thought, as far as roasting was concerned, goose was as extinct as the dodo, but this one was delicious. With apple sauce and champagne. Afterward, Mr. Allerton read Dickens' Christmas Carol, every word of it, and Jim had forgotten.

Continued on page 42



THREE STARS TO SHINE AT CHRISTMAS . . .

IN *Third Dimension Beauty*

Beauty in Front

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if he had ever known, what a good story it was, especially with a goose and champagne base. The reading took quite a long while and ended about midnight which was the time set for the tree.

The tree stood on a table in the dining room bay window beyond which the city lights spread till they met the starry sky. The dining room screen was drawn before it, and earlier in the evening Jim and Cissie had sneaked in separately to hang their presents on its branches. Even in the dimness you could feel something special about the little tree silhouetted against the panorama behind the window. And when Mrs. Allerton drew aside the screen and lit the green tapers, it was beautiful, its boughs ornamented not with familiar tinsel and colored balls but with chains of blown Venetian glass beads shot with gold and crimson and blue. With an old French paste cross, odd old drop earrings, a jade fish, a della Robbia bambino, a carved and painted Mexican madonna, small exquisite baubles of Christmas color and significance.

"Sh-sh!" said Mrs. Allerton as Jim started to speak. "We just look at the tree as long as the candles burn. Even when she was little Cissie looked and didn't touch it until the candles had burned down. Although," and she chuckled a little, "perhaps that was why we started joining hands to watch. Shall we?"

"Oh, Mummy," protested Cissie, but Jim took Cissie's hand and Mrs. Allerton's and it was the first bond he had ever felt with Cissie's mother. He sat looking, really looking, at a Christmas tree for the first time in his life, looking at each small fine ornament pricked out by the burning bayberry-scented wax. As the candles flamed brighter he saw the sapphire circlet sparkling around a bough tip, and in a minute Cissie had spotted it too and she squealed a little, and hopped into his chair with him, but still she did not touch, only looked at it as she had been taught. There was a seed pearl necklace twined near the top of the tree. That would be Cissie's too, and a small jeweled bowknot gleamed under another candle toward Mrs. Allerton who kissed her hand toward Mr. Allerton for it. Crystal monogrammed cuff links glowed on a double branch tip. Jim had always wanted a pair like that. There were no screams, no papers and string and junk. Just one beautiful gift shining there from each to each for all the year. Jim hugged Cissie tighter. The candles burned low and went out one by one.

"It's midnight, so now we open the window and let the Christ Child in."

The snow gently hissed on the sills and chimed drifted across the city in varying cadences from all its churches, faint and far or near and clanging. Somewhere, far below, an old-fashioned German band bonged out "Holy Night" and with its last notes Mrs. Allerton shut the windows and switched on the lamps.

Jim slipped the sapphire guard over Cissie's wedding finger with a kiss, and Cissie put the links in his cuffs with another kiss. The heirloom pearls were hung around Cissie's neck with suitable ceremony, and a miniature of Cissie marked, "So I will always be with you" produced some handkerchief work, and at last Cissie and Jim were walking the three blocks home again.

"I'll always remember that, Cissie," Jim said.

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"Oh, Jim," moaned Cissie gratefully. "No. I mean it. The little tree, and everything so perfect and gentle, I'm glad we went there. Instead." And he kissed her between two lamp posts.

"Well, you see why I had to," said Cissie slowly. "But I feel awfully bottled up. I never realized before it's all so—so precious. Could we—would it be crazy to drive up to Wakefield right this minute? Would anyone still be up?"

"Up!" said Jim, "at Wakefield? Why it's the shank of the Eve."

Jim raced for the garage and Cissie for the hamperful of presents. They jumped in the car and were off cross-town, past alternating penthouse and fire-escape celebrations; out to the highway, past wreaths silhouetted by thousands against the banked windows; over the parkways punctuated with stiff official Christmas trees; and at last they struck off to the steep old road to Wakefield.

The big spruces at the gate were ablaze, looking twice their size as Jim had predicted, and from the snow under one of them protruded the wooden leg of an overturned stepladder. Cissie pointed to it and they collapsed into laughter, the first hearty laugh of the holiday. They swung up the snowy driveway to the lighted porte-cochere, and every window of the big old house poured forth more light.

"Oh, goodie!" said Cissie.

The strap of bells rang out as they pulled the door open.

"Merry Christmas!"

There was an answering shout, Jim's oldest brother sounding off last from the after-party shambles around the punch bowl, "I'll say. Merry X-Muss. Where you been? Everybody's gone home."

"It looks it," said Cissie, surveying the hall full of Wakefields, Wakefield presents, Wakefield toys, Wakefield guests, and Wakefield suitors. Yes, the tree had to duck under the ceiling so the star hung a little sideways. "And an electric train around the bottom," cried Cissie, rushing over to it. Somebody threw the switch and the little locomotive burst into loud purrs, the little bell rang, the headlight flickered off and on. The oval track hummed as the engine went round and round. Cissie sat down beside it.

"Let me," she said, "I've always wanted to play with one of those. Whose is it?"

"Nobody special. We always have it around the tree," Mamie said, collecting punch cups and dead sandwich ends. "Glad you got here tonight. Christmas stockings wouldn't be stockings without James. And you," she added smiling. "Ne'er will I forget the year he put a water pistol in each one of them. It was like Niagara Falls at breakfast. The dining-room wallpaper has never been the same."

Cissie followed her gaze to the rope full of knobby stockings slung under the high old-fashioned mantel.

"Are there stockings for us too even if you didn't expect us?"

"Well, naturally," said Mamie, leaning over to kiss her lightly. It was quite an occasion, Mamie not being the kissing type.

Driving home the next afternoon Cissie half dozed, drugged with food and festivity.

"When we have a house and family

of our own," she murmured against Jim's coat sleeve, "we'll probably work out our own Christmas ritual. But how about this for a starter? Every Christmas Eve at midnight you and I have our Twosies." Jim looked at her suspiciously but she was smiling, the fond smile reserved for family frailties and peculiarities. "Our own secret tree so it can't embarrass the children, no matter how many we have, because we won't invite them to come. And the rest of Christmas just open-house and

liberty-hall for everybody that wants to come."

There was a pause while Cissie dozed a minute. "Eventually, that is. Right now, until Mummy and Daddy get more used to me being gone, we can keep on—"

"Oh no we can't, Kid," said Jim, drawing a deep breath, "because we'll really be gone. Until you made that last speech I was afraid to tell you, but I had a present at the office yesterday that you don't know about. They

made me manager of the Western plant. Full charge. But—er—I couldn't manage it from East End Avenue. Or Wakefield."

There was a dead silence. Jim drove along, glancing now and then at Cissie's profile in the winter gloaming.

"I've got to do it, you know. Say something, Cissie."

"I say," said Cissie slowly, "open house in the West ought to be even bigger and better than Wakefield. So let's go." +



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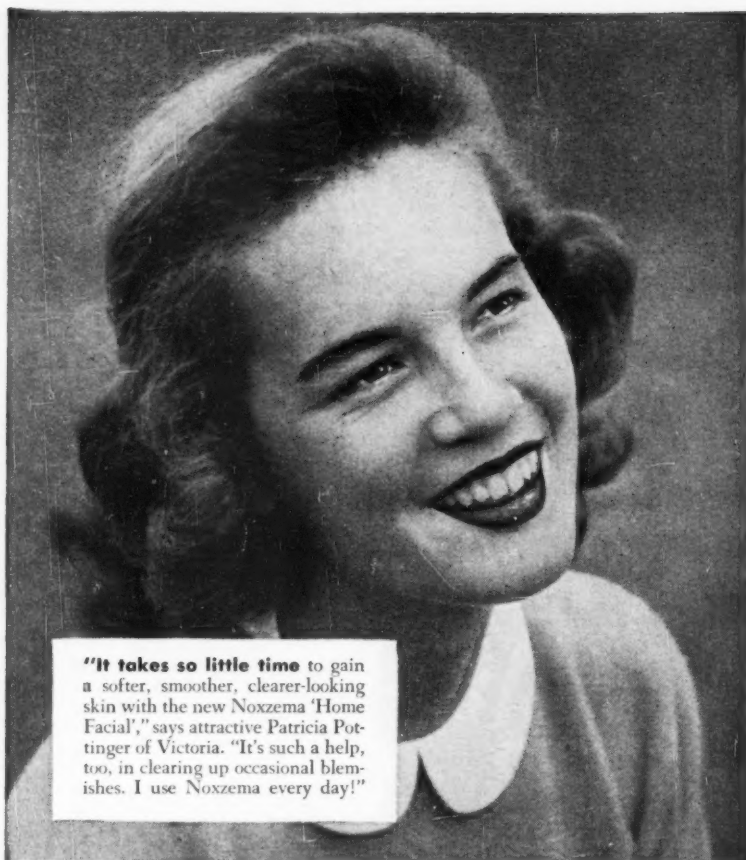
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Skin Specialist develops new home beauty routine—helps 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests

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Morning—1. "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—as you would with soap. Note how clean your skin looks and feels.

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NOXZEMA

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OPEN LETTER

Continued from page 23

eating the eggs? I like to have something small to remember."

"Something small?" I echoed, not getting his drift.

"Yes," he said, "like that. You hear of all the awful, colossal things that Hitler's done to whole countries, to the whole of Europe. Well, you can't take it in. It's so darn big. And I get a feeling—what can I do against that. I can't do anything. And then I think of that sparrow. The way it kept right on building its little nest every time it was destroyed. And then I know—I can do that..."

When the news came, when they brought me word that David was missing over the Atlantic—I entered into stone. A frozen woman cannot cry. Only in secret in the nighttime when I saw his face in the mad seething waters, when I hunted for him I could not find, all night long calling his name—then I cried. For months I was bitter, filled with resentment, distraught.

Then one night I had a dream. I dreamed that David sat on the bed beside me and said in his most reasonable voice: "Look, Mum, doesn't everybody die? You're going to come here after a while. But you can't come yet—not with all these things needing to be done!" He laughed into my eyes and I woke with the most wonderful sense that I had been with David.

"Things needing to be done!" he said.

And I had wasted all that time mourning for myself. I who more than anything else wanted him to be proud of his mother wherever he was.

It was now 1943, and Warwick, my second son, soon to graduate in Physics and Maths, had like others in his class been granted a commission in the Navy. However, at this time the Powers that Be offered him a completely separate research job. What it would be he would not learn until after he had been accepted. It wasn't until August 1945, when the atom bomb was first used, and I read his name in the list of those who had worked on the atomic research in Canada, that I knew what he had done. Already Alan, who was 14 when war was declared, was in the Air Force.

Today they are both still at an age for enlistment in another war should it come.

Since that day when David vanished in a bomber over the Atlantic we have heard nothing. Truth evolved slowly. At first when he was missing and after six months presumed dead, all I could think of was the waste, the awful waste. Today, after seven years, the cry is still there but even more surely comes the knowledge that he died fighting for Life; that when he asked for understanding I did not fail him then.

Now the war was over. What would I do? I wasn't needed at home—here was my chance to find out—as David had said—what needed doing in the world. What could one woman do for peace? I didn't know. It sounded ridiculous. I told nobody. But I couldn't any more stay at home and

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wait for life to come to me. I had to go out and meet it. I had to find out what there was that I could do. Whether it was that song I don't know, but I wanted to get in D.P. camps and find out all I could about the homeless people of the war.

Travel costs money. I had to choose between future security and this finding out. I chose to find out.

By trampship I got to England; obtained military permissions to travel in occupied countries. This, with the status of foreign correspondent from the British Foreign Office, gave me press privileges and facilities in Germany and Austria even as far east as Vienna in the heart of the Russian Zone. As guest of IRO (International Refugee Organization) I traveled by jeep, visiting a cross-section of D.P. camps from the Baltic to the Adriatic.

I found the camps full of vitality and eagerness. Like our own pioneers, these people know why they have suffered. The answer is freedom. They ask for no luxuries. What they ask is Life, an opportunity to build a home. A little security and rootedness even in a D.P. camp and the strain drains from the eyes of the young.

One of the far most terrible problems is the Vagabond Youth, children who during the war become separated from their families. You see them along the Autobahn, sleeping in old air-raid bunkers and railroad stations, living on what they can steal. Disillusioned by Hitler and by civilization, they refuse to be associated with us. Wandering the roads in the British Zone of

Germany alone are 20,000 boys and girls. The figures for the American Zone are even more. When I interviewed the Welfare Minister of the New West German Government about them, he told me that every town and village in West Germany is authorized to invite them in, to try to find their parents, to train them, clothe and feed and get them jobs.

Some accept this help. The majority refuse. I talked with some of these boys who had come in. They were being trained in various skills and learning English in order to come to Canada. I wrote to many people in Canada but could not place one of them.

Things needing to be done! They are all around, multitudinous! But how to find the answer. I have tried, and I have failed so many times. Everywhere is the starling eating the eggs and clawing up the nest. Then I remember the sparrow, and I get up and begin to build again. It is the only thing I know to do.

I'm not for war, God knows. But we've got at least to try to bring order out of chaos. There is more reason to volunteer for service today than there ever was. There's got to be this United Nations Police Force. Peace-loving people must back them up.

The United Nations, I believe, are struggling, are building, I feel. The old League of Nations failed because when it came to a pinch they backed down. 'You have to fight for what you believe in,' David once told me, and I can see it was far more important for him to act on his own belief than for me to



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Agents: W. G. McJannett & Co. Ltd., 64 Wellington Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

have him here with me today. It isn't so much the length of life as the quality that counts.

We've been brought up on the slogan Safety First. But when you come to think of it, hasn't anyone who has ever accomplished anything had to fight for it? People who tried to climb Mount Everest, discover insulin, or a continent, free the slaves, or take Quebec? They've had to fight with everything they have.

And haven't you always worried about this boy? What was the first question you asked after he was born?

"Is my baby all right?" Then, "Did he gain in weight today?" In sickness and in health all up these 16 years, haven't you been anxious—that he was developing as he should; doing well in school, learning what he was going to need for the life he wants to live? I don't think you can stop it now. It's part of loving your child. But it need not stop us letting him have his life.

If we believe this life is all there is, then it doesn't matter what he decides to do. Life becomes senseless, utterly futile. But if we believe it does matter

what a boy decides—if on this foundation of world failure we see our child helping to build once more toward a Brave New World, then life comes full of meaning. Perhaps this time they will succeed!

I think that understanding of how to live together in one world comes slowly in the evolution of man's wisdom and love. It does not spring full-grown, all at once like Minerva from her father's brow. It is something for each one of us to study and to learn. And until we do—there will always be wars.

Instead of praying: "Lord, give peace in our time," who was the man who cried: "Lord, give us war in our time, if by so doing our children will have peace?"

For such a wound as the loss of a son in war one finds solace anywhere one can. To this ultimate peace of the world I like to think that all my sons have contributed. And that in setting them free to make their contribution as they see it, I also give.

I have a friend who claims it is a sin to bring little children into this wicked world. But isn't the world our job, at theirs? The hurt and the cry of the heart are just the price we pay for having sons during the long process of finding a way to peace. But I would not give up the joy of being the mother of three such sons although the agony of losing them were a thousand times increased.

HOMEMADE GIFT

Continued from page

the magazine says; but around December 15 I find that the only people who handle lacquered Australian Swamp Elms, which are to be used for the piggy's eyes, are a zither factory in Memphis, Tennessee. The tail is made of flange springs off old washing machine motors which I can get from my nearest washing-machine company. The book says; but I find my nearest washing-machine company is located four miles out on a six-lane highway on the other side of town. By this time I'm spending my lunch hours picking up salted peanuts, coloring books, Christmas-tree bulbs and addresses of old friends, but I've already told my wife about my 12 little piggy banks and she has returned 12 little stuffed toys and used the money for a permanent. I'm stuck with my idea.

The reception room of the washing-machine company, in beige broadloom hand-rubbed oak and red leather, about as far from flange springs as you can get. So is the switchboard girl. She stops addressing Christmas cards, answers six calls, picks up a needle-sharp pencil and says: "How long has your washing machine been giving you trouble?"

"Well, what I really came in for—Is it one of our 11,000 series or one with reversible bendix supports?" she snaps.

"Well—it wasn't about a washing machine exactly—"

She looks me in the eye. "Is it about employment?"

"No, look, I got a magazine—"

"The sales promotion department is on the fifteenth floor."

"I—I'm making a piggy bank..."

"We handle no inventions," she says coldly. "Try our parts and patent department, in Chicago."

Spending long autumn evenings by the fireside whittling Christmas gifts by hand may have been fine for our forefathers. Life was simple then. But by the time today's average urban dweller has commuted 10 miles through bumper-to-bumper traffic, briefed himself on child psychology, the Kinsey report, the flying saucers, the war news, and filled out his income tax, he's fit to do nothing in the evening but run his hands through his hair. If he's smart he does what he can to get through Christmas as swiftly

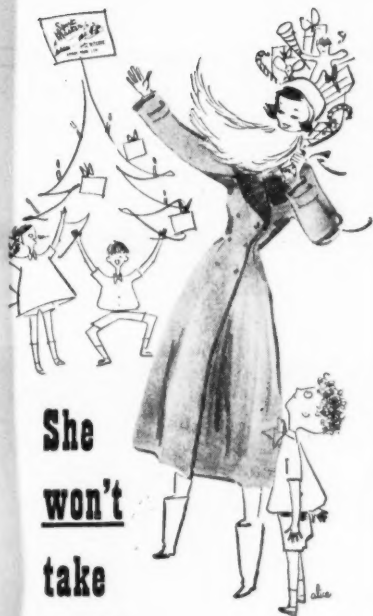


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easily
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Just apply Kleenoff, leave
awhile and then wash off.
It's so easy!

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Obtainable from
T. EATON CO., LTD.
and leading stores.



"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

as possible. No better way has been devised so far than to pick up a phone and say: "Send me a maroon housecoat, a pair of stockings in rosy beige, and all the toys from number 3694 to 4016 and put them on the charge."

Some sentimentalists will argue that this is lacking in Christmas spirit. If you ask me, the more we lack the spirit in which I finish making Christmas gifts, the better.

The trouble lies not in the idea of making gifts for Christmas but in the wrong people making them. The handymen in my family ran out with my grandfather, whom I remember as a plump, clean little man with a white mustache, lying on the sofa with the Sunday papers over his face. The only time he was known to get up was once when he decided to end my grandmother's complaints about a mahogany dining-room table being too long by crawling on top of it on his hands and knees and starting to saw six inches off it until my grandmother's screams stopped him.

If the gifts I made turned out the way I visualize them, they would have the lucky receiver doing handsprings Christmas morning. The year I made my wife a vanity I had visions of a gleaming, lustrous solid-walnut gem of the cabinet-maker's art. Actually, on Christmas morning, a couple of hours after I'd hammered in the last screw and filled the last crack with putty, it looked like an old washstand I'd been using to try out paint brushes.

Same Mistakes Every Year

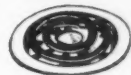
Nobody becomes a fine craftsman overnight just because he decides to be thrifty this Christmas. There's a difference between the man who, every night after supper, instinctively dons a pair of overalls, stuffs a bulldog pipe full of Irish twist, and goes down cellar to his power saws, lathes and drills, and the guy, like me, who, faced with a household chore, butts his cigarette, loosens his tie and starts off to borrow Uncle George's soldering iron. I usually get Uncle George along with it. I find him at his local Old Sixty-Fourth Old Boys' Social Club. He introduces me to six buddies from the first World War, sings a chorus of Madelon, throws his arms around me and insists on helping me with the job. Uncle George's idea of fixing anything is to nail a piece of tin over it. The last thing we made together was a record-player. We had so many things fixed up with pieces of tin that the thing used to play faintly without using a needle.

In spite of all this I probably would have gone on year after year making the same mistake if last year I hadn't decided to do the whole thing in four-alarm technicolor. I decided to make a doll's house—a prefabricated, demountable doll's house six feet high. Things turned out much the same as other years, except that it started earlier and got more confusing. I found that the only difference between building a doll's house and an N. H. A. bungalow is that the former is made down the cellar, takes longer to build, and, if you're not careful, costs a lot more. My first estimate came to \$217.62. I phoned a mechanical friend of mine to find out where I'd gone wrong. He said I was

Continued on page 62



The table top model shown here has both automatic oven and thermostat temperature control.



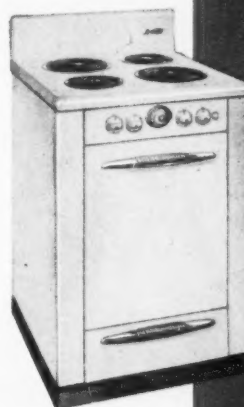
Monotube surface elements heat lightning fast... save power, time.



Elements are easily turned up for cleaning, even when hot.



Giant oven is much larger than in most ranges.



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FULLY AUTOMATIC --
set it and leave it;
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It's so easy! just one little extra touch proves your good taste—serve the world's finest club soda, Canada Dry Sparkling Water. Just take a look wherever you see smart folk enjoying refreshment—see how many more now prefer sparkling drinks. The trend is more marked than ever before, and no wonder! For the finest of all club sodas, the one you see everywhere, does so much to make any drink taste better! Only Canada Dry Sparkling Water has the secret that brings out smoothest flavor and adds its own extra-delicious touch of tang. It's the world's largest selling brand. Order plenty today—three sizes for your convenience.

The Important 4/5 of Your Drink!

FESTIVIAN

Make her life all scented and serene with gaily decorated accessories in Shulton Early American Old Spice . . . toilet soap, dusting powder, refreshing toilet water or body sachet.



She'll enjoy the compact convenience of a Beauty Kit by Yardley of London, fitted with the essentials of skin care and make-up. Compliment her love of fragrance with English Lavender Perfume, Lotus Sachet Powder.



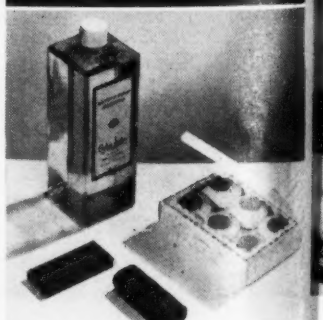
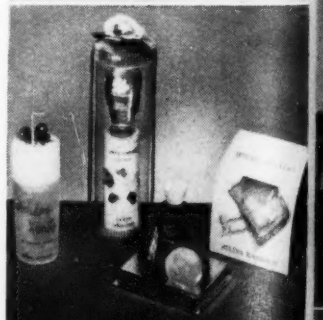
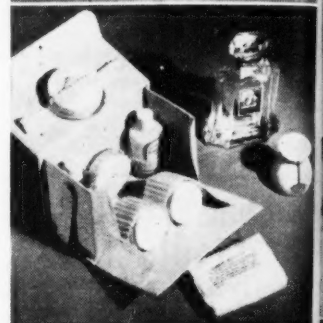
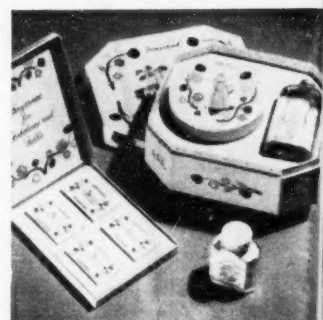
Team a gift pack of Noxzema Cream Soap and jar of Noxzema Cold Cream, and put a fresh complexion on this gift-giving business. To star on the tree, Max Factor Lip Favours, a whimsically packaged trio of new lipstick fashion colors.



Created by Helena Rubinstein for a fragrance-filled Christmas . . . a tall, cool tumbler filled with Holiday Spirits cologne, a transparent tower of White Magnolia cologne and talc, and an amusing mailbox of Command Performance.



If she's one who cares for her hair at home, she'll appreciate the quality of Ogilvie Sisters Castile Soap Shampoo. There's a touch of luxury in a box of six Bath Blossoms in her favorite Goya fragrance. For stocking stuffers, Maybelline Cake and Cream Mascara are fun and fashion-right.



BY EILEEN MORRIS
Beauty Editor

AND FEMININE



Tree-bound are these beauties by Avon . . . Quaintance cologne in its flower-topped bottle, Cotillion cream lotion for the winter still ahead, Flowertime sachet, and for her stocking, a purse vial of Cotillion perfume.



She'll feel prettier as soon as she opens this package of love lines by Jergens, containing hand lotion, face cream, powder and cologne. Gift with a double meaning is the Tangee Glamouriser. A twist of the top, it's a perfume atomizer—uncap the base, and she has a flattering lipstick. Solitaire is a feather-light cake make-up.



Present for Christmas is this Woodbury set in a lace box, complete with creams, face powder, lipstick. Cashmere Bouquet's Pink Mist Cologne, with its own atomizer, is the perfect choice if she likes a spicy floral scent.



This Coty Fragrance Bar of prized toilet waters revives an old practice. Seems liquor was kept this way, chained so the butler couldn't meddle. Every Cinderella will covet the charming crystal slipper with its bottle of Coty perfume, in L'Aimant, L'Origan, Paris or Emeraude fragrance.



The smart-looking Elizabeth Arden service kit holds face fixings and change purse in a slide-fastened leather case. In a soft grey sueded case are a perfume, a lipstick, a compact. Classic Blue Grass toilet water has a hand-fashioned china horse as lock.

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for
lovely
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which will not run. So trim and feminine,
so exquisitely finished — and so practical.
Now available, too, are pyjamas, slips, vests
and panties styled by Harvey-Woods in Tricot-Dura fabric.*

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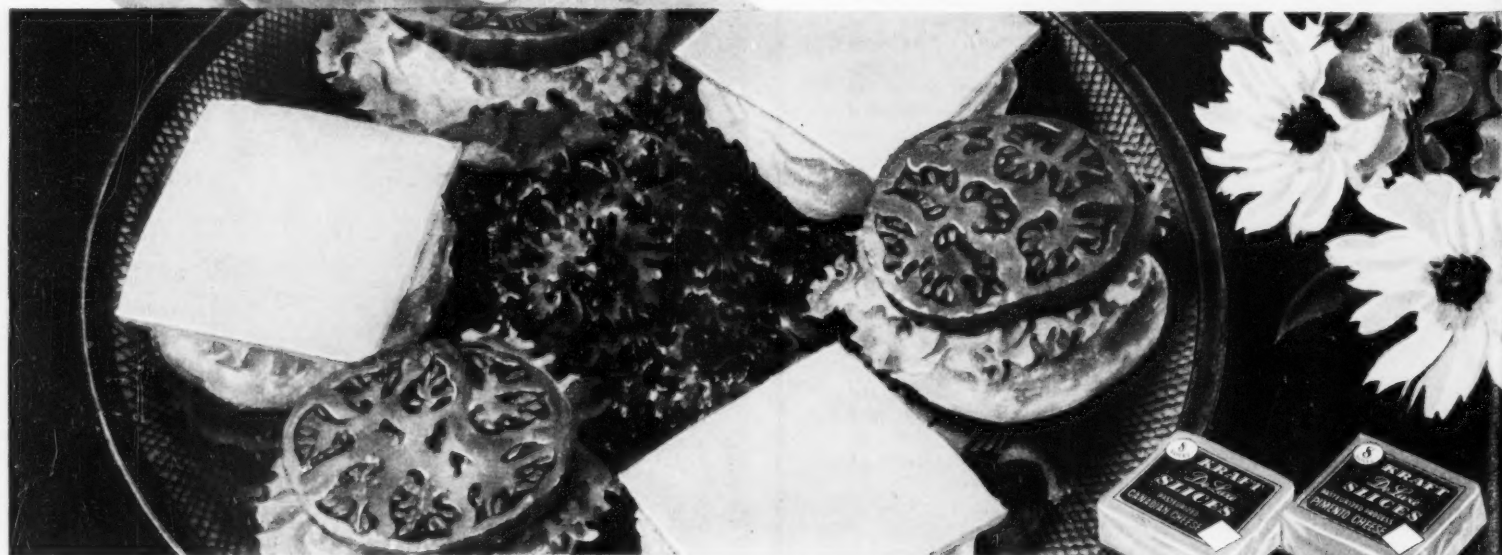


cut... wrapped...
sealed by Kraft right
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is pasteurized!

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An exclusive new invention makes possible these Kraft *De Luxe Slices* that are formed and cut *right* after the mellow process cheese is pasteurized; then immediately wrapped and sealed! *Every slice extra mellow!*

You'll be delighted with Kraft *De Luxe Slices*—keep them on hand regularly for sandwiches, snacks. Look for the neat package of Kraft *De Luxe Slices* right away in your grocer's refrigerator case.



NOW! 4 FAVORITE KINDS—Canadian • Pimento • Swiss • Old English Brand (Sharp)

KRAFT *De Luxe* SLICES

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT



BY MILDRED SPICER,

Fashion Editor

T

EN NEW WAYS . . . TO WEAR WHAT YOU HAVE

With all those invitations to the season's parties you'll probably look longingly at the new fashions. No need to turn antisocial because of a Christmas-drained bank account. Take a good look at what you already have in your wardrobe. With a little imagination and a mite of money you can party-up your clothes. A basic dress, for example, can be transformed into a sheath like ours by taking out the sleeves, cutting off the top and adding velvet or rhinestone straps. A black suit takes on formal manners with a strapless velvet top or a pretty satin blouse.

Take up your needle, dust off your imagination, and go to work on the little extras that add a party look. Two yards of net or marquisette make a bouffant overskirt. Cut to length and gather the waistline on a velvet ribbon. Wear it apron style over a straight skirt. Or you might make a real skirt to wear over a taffeta petticoat and a velvet blouse. For this you'll need a fine fastener, one as thin as the seam it goes into for a practically invisible enclosure. For Spanish flavor make a crimson wool bolero and trim with jet and braid. Ours is Simplicity pattern No. 2780. Make a necklet. A half yard of narrow black velvet ribbon and a package of rhinestones does it. Sew a snap to the ends and you have a sparkling choker for less than 30 cents. Make your cardigan sweater fancy. Sew a pattern of beads, braid and embroidery down the sides and across the yoke. Make a velvet cummerbund to wear with skirt or dress. Here's a glove trick straight from Paris. Sew a large, make-believe rose to the edge of one of your evening gloves. From a yard of pastel chiffon you can make a wispy evening hankie. Wear it tucked into a bracelet, a belt or let it trail from a pocket.

The veil headdress our model wears is made from a yard of fine veiling, caught at the back by a narrow elastic thread. The ends are tied in a bow at the back of the head. Tiny rhinestones snapped on here and there add glitter. See page 57 for cost of glamour trim.

Jewelry by Coro

Spanish Bolero
Courtesy The Wool Bureau

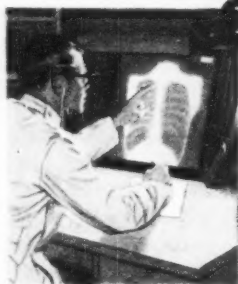
Three ways to fight TUBERCULOSIS

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people in Canada lost their lives last year from this disease, and more than 12,000 new cases were reported.

Doctors urge continued efforts to advance the fight against tuberculosis. They suggest three ways to do this — *detect the disease early, treat it promptly, and prevent new cases.*



1 Detect the disease early

The surest way to find tuberculosis *early* is through an X-ray examination at the doctor's office or at a chest clinic. It is especially important to take this step if a persistent cough, fever, a "tired feeling" or loss of weight occur — for these may indicate early tuberculosis.

The disease may, however, be a "silent sickness" and show no signs at the beginning. That is why it is wise to have X-ray pictures made during an annual health examination, or whenever a chest X-ray program is sponsored in the community.



2 Treat it promptly

If tuberculosis should be detected in an active stage, prompt and thorough treatment is essential — preferably in a tuberculosis hospital. This usually calls for complete bed rest which helps the body heal the infection.

Other measures may be used including surgery and drug therapy. New drugs, used as an adjunct to rest or surgery, have been especially beneficial in certain types of tuberculosis. There is hope that more effective ones may become available in the future.

Under proper hospital treatment, authorities say practically all persons with early tuberculosis have an excellent chance to get well.



3 Prevent new cases

To help prevent new cases of tuberculosis, specialists urge that those who have the disease remain in the hospital until their condition is under control.

In this way, families, friends, and associates are saved from the danger of infection, for tuberculosis is a "catching" disease spread through contact.

The likelihood of developing it may also be reduced if everyone guards against the disease by getting plenty of sleep, rest, proper exercise, and nourishing food.

Regular health examinations, including a chest X-ray, can usually detect tuberculosis before symptoms become apparent — and often before it becomes contagious.

Although tuberculosis is still a threat, modern medical advances have turned the tide against it. To learn more about how this has been accomplished and what can be done today to help restore victims of tuberculosis to a normal way of living, write for Metropolitan's free booklet, 120-L, "Tuberculosis." Simply send your name and address to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa, Ontario.

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Please send me a copy of your free booklet, entitled "Tuberculosis", 120-L.

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I ESCAPED BLINDNESS

Continued from page 15

circle round and round it, the light so cold and sharp you'd think it ought to stab on every revolution. It didn't hurt, but it didn't go away, either. So finally, at long last, I went to our family doctor. He would likely put drops in, I thought, or give me an eyewash.

I'd better not quote him. He took a good look at the eye, said "detached retina" in a loud and angry voice, and he made remarks about careless, stupid, ignorant, and dilatory people. He is a wonderful doctor, very stern and tough, but I have known for years that he is mostly brown sugar and melted butter inside. He got eye men on the telephone and started me off, well spanked, to see them. I walked down Bloor Street in the cold December dusk, so bemused by his urgency that I almost got run over half a dozen times. The two specialists were even more concerned and urgent. The first, a dear old friend, said very little; but as he looked into my eye I could see (vision in the left eye was never impaired) the little drops of perspiration forming on his upper lip. Good doctors, I am sure, suffer as much as do their patients at thought of blindness. The next man, who specializes in the detached retina operation, was a stranger, but there was great compassion in his voice. Any person with this trouble can be sure of the most astounding care, sympathy and gentleness from doctors and nurses, who know not only what blindness really means, but, too, what long months of difficulty lie ahead for even the most hopeful cases.

The doctor's concern for my peace of mind — a vital necessity in this operation — extended to my Christmas problems. I could stay home for the week until Christmas night, he said, rather dubiously. I had found myself telling him about my five-year-old Tim, who would never be five again and who is my last baby; and while I was walking around his office with what I thought was sophisticated aplomb and even nonchalance, I think I must have told him about the big red fire engine hidden away in the attic against Christmas morning. So he mentioned the week at home — but complete with nurses, absolute immobility in bed, quiet, no tensions, no responsibilities. It didn't sound like much fun for anybody, including me, and it was risky. Anyway, I like hospitals. So next afternoon I found myself crawling into yet another familiar hospital bed.

My many previous experiences with illness (never the same thing twice) were very helpful. Ordinary hospital routine held no terrors for this old hand. But I became quickly aware by the look on people's faces and the tones of their voices, that this was to be something extraordinary. I, the blasé, the booster that I could manage pain with the scorn it deserves, I began to suffer from that sickening fear of the unknown. So I decided, as I lay watching the winter dusk slide insidiously in to crowd my window pane, that I would use my old defense against life; I wouldn't take this as a woman, but as a writer.

While I was lying there being superior an interne came in with a nurse carrying a dressing tray. He was very hearty and offhand.

They showed me the mask they had brought in, a horrible article, wide and thick and very black, shaped to the nose and forehead . . . but blank. It had no eyeholes. I heard myself saying, "Do you have to cover both eyes?"

"Well, they track like the front wheel of a car, you know. You can't move one without moving the other. And the bad one's got to be quite immobile."

I forgot suddenly to think about the other people who were blind, really blind, hopelessly and forever. I just thought about me, and about the blackness about to descend upon me. I thought of my blue-eyed Tim, and my dark beautiful Margarita, and my husband's warm anxious face . . . and was suddenly sure that I would never see any of them again. The other eye would go, the operation wouldn't be successful . . . that mask would never be taken off again to admit real light. And I, the real me . . . said soundlessly, "Please, God, I don't think I'm going to like this. I'd like to go home."

The doctor cut my eyelashes. He put thick pads on my eyes and stuck them down firmly with what felt like sharp-edged Scotch tape. He tied the black mask on, covering all my face except the tip of my nose, my mouth and chin. My mind swung around frantically, remembering the soft exquisite glow of the light on the green hospital walls, clutching at memory already.

The nurse took away my proper pillow and slid a little flat thing under my neck. I said evenly, "How long does this go on?"

"Well, it's like this," the doctor explained just as evenly. "The retina is torn, ripped, and has been ripping farther all these days. It's now slipped down in folds at the bottom of the eye. You'll have to lie like this, with your head tilted backward, until it floats back into place. It isn't a thing we can handle, the retina . . . it's got to float back by itself. Then your doctor can fasten it with an electric needle."

"Very clever of him," I said, and prayed that they would go away.

But he had many more instructions to give me. I mustn't cough, sneeze, jump, move in any way. I would be allowed to wiggle my toes later if I could prove that the wiggling didn't mean any bed-jiggling. I could move my hands cautiously — to the telephone; and converse on it, if I spoke slowly and quietly and didn't get excited. I mustn't fiddle with the mask or touch my face or my hair. I wouldn't likely get my teeth brushed for a few weeks. I would certainly not get my hair combed or even straightened, and all bathing and handling had to be very cautious. As for the eyes, I must keep them looking straight ahead, and at all costs I must not cry. Above everything, I must keep serene and I must not cry.

They went away at last after the nurse gave me a sleeping pill. She poked a crooked glass tube into my mouth and I got water to swallow.

I was afraid to go to sleep, afraid that I'd turn on my side, or pull a sandbag away from my head, or even try to get the mask and pads off in some black dream. I lay awake and was swept with waves of icy perspiration.

Finally I said coldly, "This doesn't make sense. It's impossible. They can't expect any human being to lie like this."

And then, gently, something said to

Continued on page 72

Holiday Belles



All eyes turn to admire the lovely lass in her very special party dress. Her gown is short or

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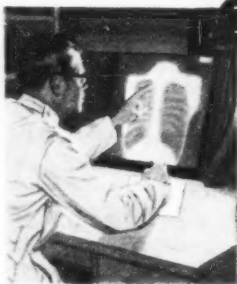
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Although the fight against tuberculosis can be done today, write for Me name and address, Ottawa Office, Ottawa

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I ESCAPED BLINDNESS

Continued from page 15

circle round and round it, the light so cold and sharp you'd think it ought to stab on every revolution. It didn't hurt, but it didn't go away, either. So finally, at long last, I went to our family doctor. He would likely put drops in, I thought, or give me an eyewash.

I'd better not quote him. He took a good look at the eye, said "detached retina" in a loud and angry voice, and he made remarks about careless, stupid, ignorant, and dilatory people. He is a wonderful doctor, very stern and tough, but I have known for years that he is mostly brown sugar and melted butter inside. He got eye men on the telephone and started me off, well spanked, to see them. I walked down Bloor Street in the cold December dusk, so bemused by his urgency that I almost got run over half a dozen times. The two specialists were even more concerned and urgent. The first, a dear old friend, said very little; but as he looked into my eye I could see (vision in the left eye was never impaired) the little drops of perspiration forming on his upper lip. Good doctors, I am sure, suffer as much as do their patients at thought of blindness. The next man, who specializes in the detached retina operation, was a stranger, but there was great compassion in his voice. Any person with this trouble can be sure of the most astounding care, sympathy and gentleness from doctors and nurses, who know not only what

They showed me the mask they had brought in, a horrible article, wide and thick and very black, shaped to fit the nose and forehead... but blank. It had no eyeholes. I heard myself saying, "Do you have to cover both eyes?"

"Well, they track like the front wheel of a car, you know. You can't move one without moving the other. And the bad one's got to be quite immobile."

I forgot suddenly to think about the other people who were blind, real blind, hopelessly and forever. I just thought about me, and about the blindness about to descend upon me. I thought of my blue-eyed Tim, and my dark beautiful Margarita, and my husband's warm anxious face... and was suddenly sure that I would never see any of them again. The other eye would go, the operation wouldn't be successful... that mask would never be taken off again to admit real light. And I, the real me... said soundlessly, "Please, God, I don't think I'm going to like this. I'd like to go home."

The doctor cut my eyelashes. He put thick pads on my eyes and stuck them down firmly with what felt like sharp-edged Scotch tape. He tied the black mask on, covering all my face except the tip of my nose, my mouth and chin. My mind swung around frantically, remembering the soft exquisite glow of the light on the green hospital walls, clutching at memory already.

The nurse took away my proper pillow and slid a little flat thing under my neck. I said evenly, "How long does this go on?"

"Well, it's like this," she said.

superior an interne came in with a nurse carrying a dressing tray. He was very hearty and offhand.

... impossible. They can't expect any human being to lie like this." And then, gently, something said to

Continued on page 72

Holiday Belles

All eyes turn to admire the lovely lass in her very special party dress. Her gown is short or ankle length, the mood is young and gay.

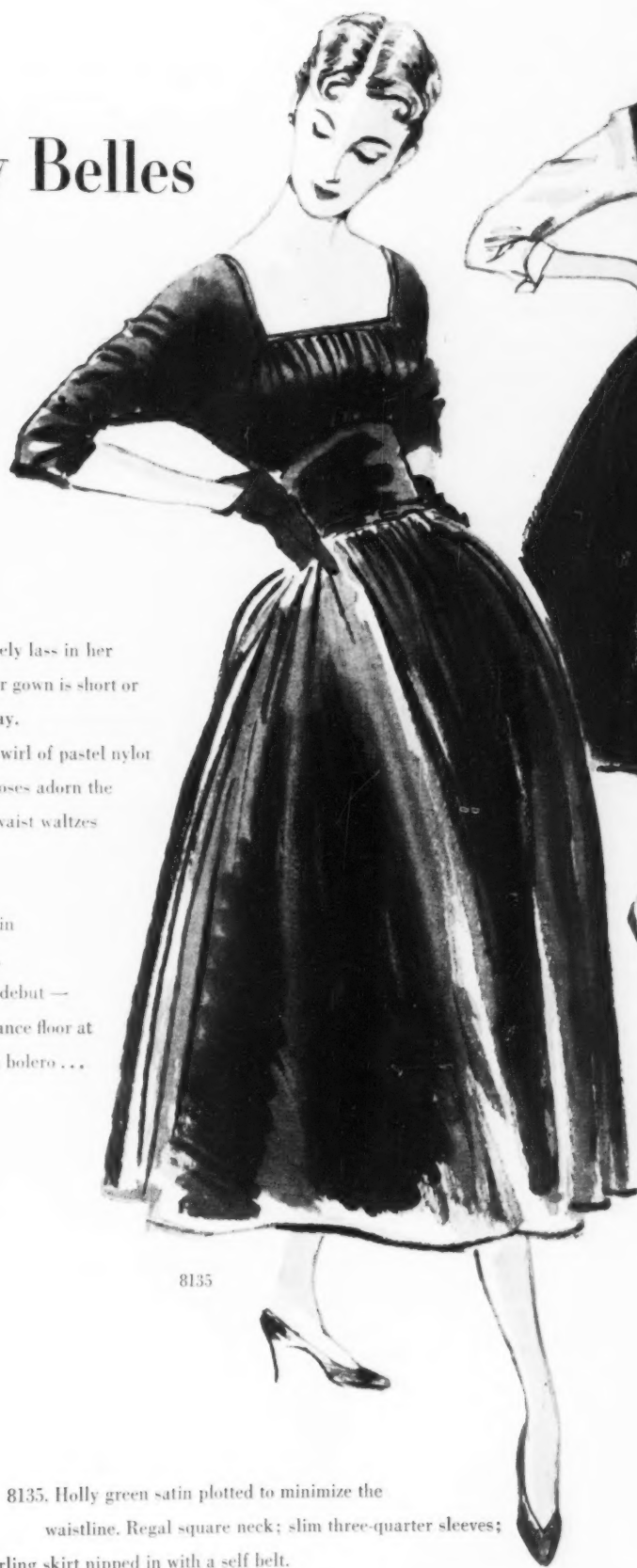
Opposite Left to Right 8311, Gala swirl of pastel nylon net over shimmering satin. Velvet roses adorn the beautifully shirred bodice. Tiny waist waltzes out into a bouffant skirt.

3263, Suave black blouse.

3264, The all important evening skirt in rustling moire taffeta.

3124, Corduroy makes its formal debut —

Strapless gown clears the dance floor at ballerina length — demure with bolero... dramatic without.



8135

8135, Holly green satin plotted to minimize the waistline. Regal square neck; slim three-quarter sleeves; whirling skirt nipped in with a self belt.



3286, Blue velveteen jumper pairs off with a white satin blouse. Deep V-cut neckline; umbrella skirt.

3286, Same pattern, interpreted in a Carnival-gay red jersey for bare arms and neckline.

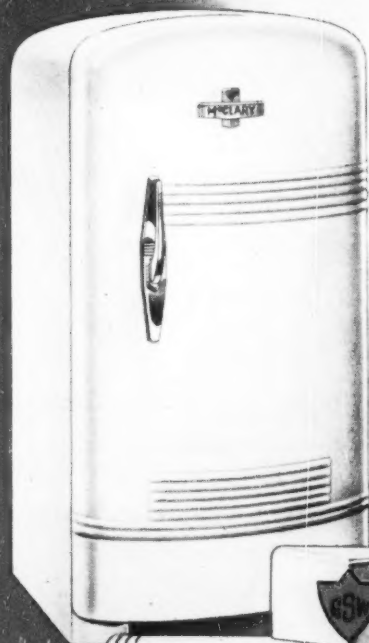
For pattern prices and details for ordering see page 70.

Gifts

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Yes, here are gifts to thrill any woman's heart! For example, the brilliant new McClary Electric Range with the new "Clearvu" oven door; automatic oven light; lightning-fast, removable tubular elements, smokeless, odorless broiler, automatic controls and other features.



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There's nothing finer than McClary quality, nothing more pride-inspiring than McClary beauty, nothing more trustworthy than McClary dependability. Be proud of your Christmas gift—give a McClary.



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S MOOTH CRUNCHY SHORTBREAD

BY MARGARET MEADOWS

Chatelaine Institute

What could be more delicious than crisp, delicately browned shortbread to serve with a cup of tea or a glass of wine when friends "drop in" during the holiday season.

There's an old saying that it takes a "cool" hand to make good shortbread. This may be so. Anyway one thing we're certain about, you'll like our recipe. It's been tried and tested in the Institute.

Shortbread

1 cup unsalted butter
½ cup fruit sugar
2 to 3 cups pastry flour

Method: Cream butter until fluffy. Add sugar gradually and cream together till mixture "foams." Add flour, reserving ¼ cup for bakeboard. Turn out dough and gradually knead in flour until mixture "cracks." (See illustration.)

For Large Shortbreads: Cut dough in half. Press into round pans approxi-



Decorate with glacé cherries; citron peel or angelica for leaves and stems of flowers; tinted sugar for borders.

mately 7 inches in diameter. Make scalloped edge with floured knife handle. Prick with fork. Bake in a very moderate oven (300 deg. F.) for 40 minutes.

For Small Shortbreads: Gently roll out dough using a pastry cloth over board and cover on rolling pin. This prevents sticking and does not require extra flour for rolling. Roll out to ¼ inch thickness. Cut with fancy cutters. Decorate (see photograph). Bake in very moderate oven (300 deg. F.) 25 minutes until just lightly browned.

Slow cooking is very important.

Shortbread improves with age—we suggest you make it about two weeks ahead and let it "ripen." Store in a cool place.

Variations: Once in a while a change does one good and so it goes with cooking. New flavor adds zest to any recipe. The following are unusual and will make a real hit with everyone.

For that extra crisp texture substitute 2 tablespoons rice flour for 2 tablespoons pastry flour.

Orange Shortbread. To basic recipe add 2 tablespoons grated orange rind and 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind.

Almond Shortbread. To basic recipe add 1 cup unblanched almonds put through food chopper.

An Old Scotch Favorite—To basic recipe add 2 tablespoons finely cut mixed peel. Decorate top with thin strips of peel.

As a final touch, when shortbread is cool, sprinkle with icing sugar (use after). Approved by Chatelaine Institute

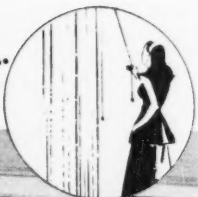


Cream butter and sugar till your wrists ache! And then some.



Using same motion as for yeast dough knead in extra flour until the mixture cracks—it's worth the effort.

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THE BRADENS

Continued from page 11

have a good stiff drink. While his wife poured he flipped on the television and there, on the screen, was the very package he had been searching for: the shape—slight and pert, the color—ash blond, the voice—delightfully American—as the British classify all voices from this side. Like someone possessed he charged the phone to discover the girl was a Canadian radio entertainer, Barbara Kelly.

The next morning, in spite of the fact that she was just one up on nothing in stage experience, he was offering her, not the part of the maid or any other toe hold, but the lead in a sparkling American comedy, "Male Animal."

While Barbara caught her breath over her dazzling good fortune Bernie quietly nailed down a couple of planks in his own personal platform: a weekly radio program of his own creation, "Breakfast with Braden," which was the usual breakfast chatter of music, weather and time excepting that Bernie's script is never "usual." In a few weeks British radio columnists were complaining that Braden with his astringent Canadian wit and carpet-slipper manner was too good to be wasted on the early morning hours and should be given a peak hour timing.

Bernie's other plank was an original script, "Leave your Name and Number," about the vicissitudes of a couple of professional entertainers job hunting in London and played with amusing conviction by himself and Barbara.

How does it happen that a couple of Canadians with Canadian voices and our particular brand of humor should find it so simple to build up a large following among the pure-speech BBC radio audiences? I asked Roy Rich, director of "Male Animal" and Barbara's discoverer. Mr. Rich didn't even have to weigh his words, they exploded with overtones of astonishment, "Why the English love Canadian voices." But what was more important, Canadian radio artists were often crisper and faster with the adlibbing than their English opposite numbers. Many script writers work to a formula, but Bernie, he felt, concentrated on story value first—the plot is created and gags written in—which gives him more scope than many of his rivals.

One thing always leading to another with the Bradens, it wasn't many weeks before Bernie's carpet-slipper characterizations suggested him to Sir Laurence Olivier who was producing and directing "Street Car Named Desire," with Vivian Leigh in the lead as Blanche.

Sir Laurence was looking for someone to play the role of Mitch, a simple, straightforward, naive type of guy who spends most of his time on the stage wooing Blanche. Bernie, like Barbara, had made only a couple of light stabs at stage acting on this side, but when nature carved out those widely assorted Braden features—the oversize ears and mouth, the underslung jaw, the direct, straightforward gaze, she created a "Mitch" from his toes to his unruly lock of hair.

In so far as you can "wow" an English audience, Bernie, in the role of Mitch, wowed them. Under the direction of

Continued on page 63



Now I know
where to look
for **SOUPS!**

There's a new face in grocery stores these days—a hearty face with a broad pleased smile. (There he is; at

the bottom of the page.) You'll find the happy Heinz chef near the Soup Department in most good stores, marking the spot where Heinz Condensed Soups are stocked. There are 18 delicious varieties. If you find some of your favourites missing, bring it to your grocer's attention.

Heinz is one of the greatest names in the food business, and in many recent taste tests women have agreed that Heinz Soups are the greatest they've ever tasted. Compare brands and be convinced of the wonderful difference.



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So light and luscious—made with marvellous new fast DRY yeast!

● This is the kind of treat that makes men-folks wave their arms and say: "When will you bake some more?"

And you can plan plenty more sumptuous yeast bakings, once you have in your pantry a supply of the wonderful new Fleischmann's DRY Yeast!

Yes, this grand new yeast keeps fresh and full-strength on your pantry shelf. Unlike old-fashioned perishable yeast, it never lets you down through loss of

strength. Keeps vital and active, till you're ready to bake!

If you bake at home, you can really go to town now with hot rolls, buns, desserts, and bread! No change in recipes: one envelope of the new Dry yeast equals one cake of fresh yeast. Get several weeks' supply of Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and make this tempting Frosty Fruit Loaf tomorrow sure!

FROSTY FRUIT LOAF Makes 3 Loaves

Measure into large bowl
 2/3 cup lukewarm water
 2 teaspoons granulated sugar
 and stir until sugar is dissolved.
 Sprinkle with contents of
 2 envelopes Fleischmann's
 Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast
 Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.
 In the meantime, scald
 2/3 cup milk
 Remove from heat and stir in
 1/2 cup granulated sugar
 1-1/4 teaspoons salt
 6 tablespoons shortening
 Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture. Stir in
 3 well-beaten eggs
 Stir in
 3 cups once-sifted bread flour
 and beat until smooth; stir in
 3 cups mixture of washed and dried seedless raisins, quartered candied cherries and slivered mixed candied peels
 Work in
 3 cups more once-sifted bread flour
 Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set

dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough and divide into 3 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Shape into loaves; place in well-greased bread pans (4 1/2" x 8 1/2", top inside measure and 2 3/4" deep). Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 45-50 minutes. Cool and ice with Plain Icing.

PLAIN ICING

Combine 1/2 cup sifted icing sugar
 2 teaspoons milk
 1/8 teaspoon vanilla
 and beat until smooth.



Cranberries

ON YOUR HOLIDAY MENUS

BY THE INSTITUTE STAFF

Molded Strained Cranberry Sauce

4 cups cranberries
 2 cups water
 2 cups granulated sugar

It's the cranberry season, so make the most of it! For color, flavor and good eating these tart red berries are tops. Whether frozen or fresh they're equally delicious and add variety to meals any day in the week. Here are some ideas from the Institute Kitchen.

Old-fashioned Cranberry Sauce

4 cups cranberries
 2 cups granulated sugar
 2 cups water

Method: Wash and pick over cranberries. Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes. Add cranberries and boil without stirring until all skins pop open (5 minutes is usually sufficient). Remove from fire and allow sauce to remain in saucepan until cool.

Yield: 1 quart.

N.B.: For a thinner sauce—just bring sugar and water to a boil, then add cranberries and cook until they stop popping.

Method: Wash and pick over cranberries. Cook in water until all the skins pop open. Put through sieve, add sugar and blend well. Boil rapidly for 10 to 15 minutes, or until a drop jells on a cold plate (220 deg. F.). Pour into one large or individual molds. Chill until firm.

Steamed Cranberry Pudding

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
 3 teaspoons baking powder
 1 teaspoon salt
 3/4 cup brown sugar
 1 cup dried bread crumbs
 1 1/2 cups finely chopped suet
 2 cups cranberries (chopped)
 2 eggs, beaten
 3/4 cup milk or water

Method: Combine all ingredients in order given and mix well. Put into

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MILES OF WEAR IN EVERY PAIR

greased mold; cover with waxed paper and steam for 2½ hours. Delicious with either hard sauce, brown sugar sauce or nutmeg sauce.

Yield: 10 to 12 servings.

N.B. If a spicy fruit pudding is desired use ½ cup water and ½ cup molasses instead of ¾ cup milk and add the following:

- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon freshly ground nutmeg
- ½ cup raisins
- ¼ cup cut mixed peel

The flavor of this pudding is more delicious after it has been steamed the second time.

Cranberry Pineapple Pie

- 2 cups cranberries
- ¼ cup water
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 2½ tablespoons flour
- 1 cup pineapple (crushed or cut in pieces)
- Grated rind of half a lemon
- Juice of 1 lemon
- Pie pastry

Preparation: Wash and pick over cranberries. Add ¼ cup water and cook for 2 to 3 minutes. Blend flour and sugar and add to cooked cranberries. Let stand overnight.

Method: To first mixture add pineapple, grated lemon rind and lemon juice. Fill pastry-lined 8-inch pie plate with mixture and cover with top crust.

Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate oven (350 deg. F.) and continue baking for 30 minutes or until cranberries are done.

N.B. ½ cup raisins may be added with pineapple if desired.

N.B. Do you have trouble with pies boiling over? Try a piece of aluminum foil under the pie to protect bottom of oven. It really works.

Candied Cranberries

- Cook together for 5 minutes:
- 2¼ cups granulated sugar
- ½ cup water

Then add:

- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup large firm cranberries

Cook for 5 minutes.

Take from fire and allow to cool for 5 minutes. Cook another 5 minutes. Then set aside and let stand in syrup till cranberries are cold.

Again bring slowly to the boil and let cook slowly for 3 minutes.

When cold lift the berries out carefully and spread on buttered platter to dry.

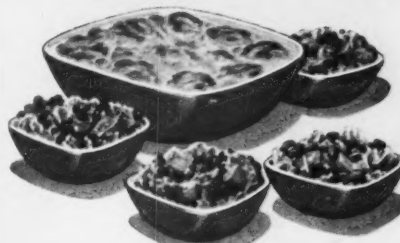
N.B. These candied cranberries make an attractive meat garnish or a decoration for a salad or may be used in any way in which one would use candied cherries.

Prices of Trim from page 51

Glamour trim can be bought at any trimming counter or five and ten cent store. Rhinestones by the package about 20c
Jet, bugle or colored beads about 20c by the package.
Net for overskirts about \$2 yd.
Gold braid from 16c to \$6 yd.
Black braid all prices, appliqué shown here, 75c a motif.
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ANOTHER NEW PYREX STAR, YELLOW OR RED—Family size ... 80 oz. casserole—with attractive cover to keep food hot or let you surprise everyone with a lift of the pretty lid. Also, gay ramekins to complete a set and you may have them to match or contrast. Every piece heat-resistant in the oven, decorative on the table.

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PYREX OVEN AND REFRIGERATOR SET \$3.95



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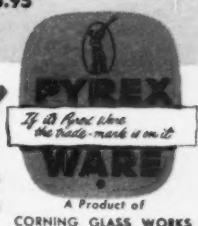
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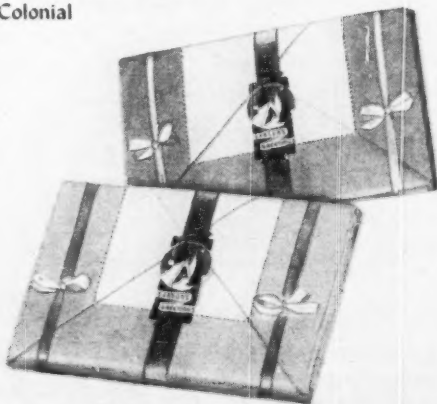
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CHRISTMAS DINNER

Continued from page 17

The Turkey

How to Buy: For generous servings at the dinner and allowance of an extra meal of cold turkey, buy a bird on the basis of at least 1½ pounds dressed weight per person to be served (a 10-lb. bird should serve 6 for 2 meals).

How to Stuff: Be sure pinfeathers are removed from outer skin. Wash cavity of bird with cold water, then dry thoroughly with clean cloth, inside and out. Sprinkle cavity lightly with salt. Put stuffing in through neck opening. Fill well but do not pack. Pull skin over opening and secure with small metal skewers. Then fill cavity from back opening. Gently press to make sure the cavity is completely filled but do not pack firmly. If stuffing is too firmly packed, the heat will not penetrate through to the centre. When cavity is filled pull skin over opening, securing well with metal skewers. For best results twine cord in and out of skewers to hold them in place. Tie legs close to body and fasten to tail. Secure wing tips to body using cord or metal skewers.

How to Cook: Preheat oven to 300 to 325 deg. F., depending on size of bird (see below). Place bird on rack in shallow, open roasting pan. Sprinkle with salt. Spread meaty surface of bird with a mixture of fat and flour (½ cup soft butter, margarine or shortening blended with 3 tablespoons flour). Turn bird breast side down. Cover with a piece of cheesecloth which has been dipped in melted fat. Place in preheated oven and bake, allowing 25 minutes per pound for medium-sized bird, 20 minutes per pound for large bird. Partway during cooking, turn bird so breast side is up. About every 30 minutes spoon some of the fat from the pan over the cheesecloth. The cloth holds the fat over the bird, keeping the meat moist. It may be removed toward the end of the cooking if the bird is not sufficiently browned.

When bird is cooked, lift on to hot platter, remove cord and metal skewers. Place in warming oven while gravy is made.

Cooking Time: For 8- to 12-pound bird cook at 325 deg. F. for 4 to 4½ hours; 12- to 20-pound bird cook at 300 deg. F. for 4½ to 5½ hours.

The Stuffing: You'll need one or two large loaves bread (2 to 3 days old), the amount depending on the size of your turkey. Allow 1 cup soft bread crumbs for each pound of turkey. We give the recipe for a delicately flavored dry stuffing.

Savory Stuffing

- 10 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 cup melted butter or margarine
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 5 tablespoons minced onion
- ½ cup chopped parsley
- 1 teaspoon sage
- 1 teaspoon summer savory or thyme

Mix all ingredients together lightly with a fork.

Variations: 1. For a moist stuffing add 1 beaten egg and 2 to 3 tablespoons water or milk.

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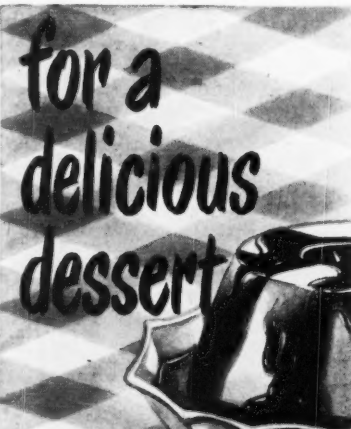
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2. For extra flavor add 1 cup finely chopped celery or 1 cup cooked sausage meat finely chopped.

3. If desired onion and celery (if used) may be cooked very slowly in the melted butter or margarine before adding to the bread crumbs.

Giblet Gravy

5 tablespoons fat from roasting pan
5 tablespoons flour
Salt and pepper
Onion juice, if desired
3 cups water or stock from giblets
Cooked giblets, chopped fine

Method: Add flour to fat, mixing well until smooth. Add salt and pepper with onion juice. Gradually add stock or water. Cook until thickened, for about 8 minutes. Add cooked giblets, finely chopped.

The Vegetables: The Institute's selection was creamy whipped potatoes, mashed turnip and green beans.

Another suitable combination would be mashed Hubbard squash, creamed onions and Brussels sprouts.

Still another on the same color scheme would be candied sweet potatoes, creamed cauliflower and green peas.

Carrot Pudding

1 cup seeded raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped mixed peel
6 to 8 glace cherries, sliced
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup chopped blanched almonds
1 medium apple, chopped fine
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup grated carrots
1 cup soft bread crumbs
 $2\frac{3}{4}$ cups sifted bread flour
Or 3 cups sifted pastry flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped suet
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 cup quick-cooking oats
3 eggs, beaten
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn syrup
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fruit juice (grape, apple or preserved fruit juice)

Method: Thoroughly grease 3 one-pint pudding molds or 12 individual molds. Prepare and measure fruits and nuts. Grate carrots and measure. Prepare bread crumbs. Sift together flour, soda, salt and spices into large mixing bowl. Add suet, sugar, oats and fruit and nuts and combine. Beat eggs and molasses, corn syrup and fruit juice. Pour into dry ingredients and blend. Turn into prepared molds, filling two-thirds full. Cover with greased lids or several thicknesses of waxed paper, or

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CHATELAINE,
881 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ontario

factory cotton dipped in melted shortening, then floured. Steam large molds 3 hours and individual molds $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Foamy Sauce

1 egg yolk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup light corn syrup
1 egg white
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon almond extract

Method: Beat egg yolk until light

and thick. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup corn syrup gradually while beating. Beat egg white until stiff but not dry. Gradually add remaining corn syrup while continuing to beat. Combine the mixtures by folding carefully together. Fold in flavorings and serve.

Yield: $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sauce. Sufficient for 5 to 6 servings.

Sherry Sauce: Make as for Foamy Sauce. Omit vanilla and almond extract, add 2 tablespoons dry sherry.

Hard Sauce

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup soft butter
1 cup fine granulated sugar
or 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon lemon extract
 $\frac{3}{8}$ teaspoon vanilla

Method: Cream butter, add sugar gradually, continuing to beat until light and fluffy. Add flavorings, a little at a time, beating constantly. Pile lightly in serving dish and chill thoroughly.

Yield: 6 to 8 servings. +

All the best!

... in this glorious

MAGIC Fruit Cake!

Bring it out proudly when friends and family congregate... your Magic Christmas cake! Sumptuous with fruits and nutmeats... candied peel, pineapple, icing... the most festive yet!

All year round, make your cakes tender and perfect-flavored with pure Magic Baking Powder. No waste of costly ingredients—and Magic costs less than 1¢ per average baking!



MAGIC CHRISTMAS CAKE

2 cups seedless raisins
1 cup currants
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups separated seeded raisins
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups drained red maraschino or candied cherries (or a mixture of red cherries and green candied cherries)
1 cup almonds
1 cup cut-up pitted dates
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sliced or chopped mixed candied peels and citron
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cut-up candied pineapple or other candied fruits
1 tbsp. finely-chopped candied ginger
3 cups sifted pastry flour or $2\frac{3}{4}$ cups sifted hard-wheat flour
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tps. Magic Baking Powder
 $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tps. ground cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. grated nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. ground ginger
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. ground mace
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. ground cloves
1 cup butter
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups lightly-packed brown sugar
6 eggs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup molasses
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cold strong coffee

Wash and dry the seedless raisins and currants. Wash and dry the seeded raisins, if necessary, and cut into halves. Cut cherries into halves. Blanch the almonds and cut into halves. Prepare the dates, peels and citron, candied pineapple or other fruits, and ginger. Sift together 3 times, the flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, mace and cloves; add prepared fruits and nuts, a few at a time, mixing until fruits are separated and coated with flour. Cream the butter; gradually blend in the sugar. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition; stir in molasses. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture alternately with coffee, combining thoroughly after each

addition. Turn batter into a deep 8-inch square cake pan that has been lined with three layers of heavy paper and the top layer greased with butter; spread evenly. Bake in a slow oven, 300° , $2\frac{3}{4}$ to 3 hours. Let cake stand in its pan on a cake cooler until cold. Store in a crock, or wrap in waxed paper and store in a tin. A few days before cake is to be cut, top with almond paste and ornamental icing; just before cutting, cake may be decorated attractively.

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TREATS WITH COCONUT

Continued from page 6

Coconut Fudge

"Creamy and rich with a delicious flavor."

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
- 1 tablespoon corn syrup
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- Few grains salt
- 1 cup coconut (desiccated)

Cook sugar, milk and corn syrup together, stirring constantly until soft ball stage is reached (236 deg. F.). Cool to lukewarm, add butter, vanilla, salt and coconut. Divide in two parts, color $\frac{1}{2}$ pale pink. Then beat each until creamy. Pour into greased pan, putting a white layer on top of pink. Cut in squares. Chill before serving.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Angel Drops

"Light and fluffy with a glamorous touch for holiday parties."

- 5 egg whites
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted cake or pastry flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plus 2 tablespoons fine granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Method: Beat egg whites until almost stiff. Sift over them the cream of tartar and salt, which have been combined, and continue beating until stiff. Fold in flour and sugar which have been

sifted together lightly and quickly one third at a time with a spoon or wire whip. Fold in the vanilla. Pour mixture into greased and floured tiny muffin tins, filling them almost full. Bake in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 20 to 30 minutes. Invert pans to cool, then remove carefully. Frost with fluffy 7-minute icing, then snow under with shredded coconut. Set balls on a flat plate, and place a gay Christmas candle in each glistening angel drop. Add touches of green for holiday colors.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Christmas Snow Men

"A cute and easy coconut trick."

Ice white cupcakes with 7-minute frosting to form balls. Then roll in shredded coconut and top with marshmallow heads and colored gumdrop hats anchored with red or green toothpicks. Use cloves for faces and cinnamon candies or cherries for buttons. Sit on small red or green doilies with touches of holly at the side.

Christmas Snow Cake

"It's a masterpiece and centrepiece."

Bake your white cake specialty or quick mix in two 8-inch layer pans. When cool spread the layers with 7-minute frosting, tinted to the desired shade with green vegetable coloring. Swirl the icing on top and lightly pile with drifts of shredded coconut. Decorate with a holly wreath of colorful red and green maraschino cherries. It's easy to ornament, if you place the cherry wreath on paper first and then transfer it in order to the Snow Cake. +

HOMEMADE GIFTS

Continued from page 47

using the same construction that they use on bridges for the Timiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, and asked how much my daughter weighed.

I ran into a new engineering problem every day. At night I'd sit up in bed with a start thinking of my $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch asphalt-impregnated plywood roof falling on top of my daughter. I spent every evening in it. When it got close to Christmas Eve my wife would come downstairs about 11.30, holding Uncle Charley's half-knitted sweater in her hand, tap on the roof and call in to me: "For heaven's sake, why don't you sell the lumber and buy a real doll's house?"

I'd glare at her through the picture window and my hair and yelp, my voice muffled by six inches of rock wool insulation: "What do you mean, a real one? At today's property values this would bring a thousand bucks on the open market. If the kids don't want it, I'll list it with a real estate man."

Every time we had company, one of my friends would go down the cellar, point at a beam on the doll house, and say: "She needs more support here." Next day I'd buy some more lumber to support her. I began to think of raising a mortgage.

I never did finish it. I got it into shape that my daughter would recognize about 3.30 Christmas morning, and my wife and I assembled it in the living room. I surrounded it with the stuffing

out of a mattress which was to represent snow, rigged up little trees out of Christmas tree branches, fixed lights onto them and wired the whole thing to a switch arranged from a clothes peg so that the minute my daughter stepped through the door, it would light up the whole tableau. Actually what it did, three hours later while I looked on through red-rimmed eyes, was blow a fuse, start a slow smoldering fire in Uncle Charlie's sweater, and the whole thing looked like a recently bombed mattress factory. My daughter took one look at the doll's house, said: "There's no upstairs," and spent the rest of the day playing with a follow-the-dots book she got from an aunt in Waterloo. I put the fire out with a syphon, crawled inside the doll's house and fell asleep.

I've worked myself into a nervous breakdown at Christmas trying to carve model airplanes, salt-and-pepper shakers, and make artificial chrysanthemums out of index files. I've watched my wife trying to make jewelry boxes from discarded windbells and stuffed toys from a pair of pot holders. I've stood down the cellar at three o'clock in the morning reading instructions that start with: Fasten stopper plates and scatter-bolts to base wire with two-inch brads and Bedford Flange reamer, making sure the centre of the pivot isn't more than 3-16 inches from the ball ridge on Section A . . . and I'm not going to do it any more. The only thing I'm going to make this Christmas will be put together with a jigger and a swizzle stick. +

THE BRADENS

Continued from page 55

Sir Laurence he gave a performance that was variously described as "remarkable" and "fine" and "sincere" with the ability to "strike home to our hearts with a suggestion of deep inner dignity and inner simplicity."

Along with his nightly performance in "Streetcar"—two matinees a week—Bernie found time to direct a radio script, "London Story," and to play the lead in a radio series, "Johnny Washington," and to co-star in a radio variety series, "Starlight Hour"; carrying on, at the same time, with his Canadian radio program, "Braden Tells a Story," which is recorded and flown from England to Canada once a week.

Incredible People

Go through a Braden weekly itinerary, add it up and try to reach a figure that doesn't make you want to exclaim, "Don't believe it."

The same is true of Barbara. Try to contact her on the phone, "Miss Kelly's on location this morning, left the house at five a.m." or "Miss Kelly's rehearsing a radio program this afternoon."

Before "Male Animal" had completed its run of seven months at the New Theatre, Barbara was signed to play opposite that young, fiery Irish-American, Bonar Colleano, in her first movie, "A Tale of Five Cities," soon to be released.

Bonar and the Bradens had become close friends through Bernie's and Bonar's work in "Streetcar," Bonar having the male lead. In "A Tale of Five Cities" the movie script called for an American newspaper girl and again Barbara was a natural for the part.

But if this all sounds as though London were an easy broad target for Canadians, let's look at the Bradens' score sheet.

Before they made the decision to hazard the London entertainment field they had already built up reputations in Canada for first-class acting, producing and writing. Between them they had scooped up more income than any other pair of entertainers in Canada. The sceptics are many concerning the possibility of totting up an income of \$30,000 a year in Canadian radio, but for these we have to report that Bernie Braden had more than one talent to market: he was an actor, a producer and a writer, all roles commanding high fees in radio. Besides commercial recordings and personal appearances around the provinces, he published a series of radio broadcasts, "These English," in book form, which produced not only royalties but a radio award.

Barbara also rose to be one of Canada's top-ranking radio stars and was in constant demand in dramatic roles. She played in such well-known serials as "John and Judy," "Soldier's Wife," and "Buckingham Theatre," and was twice voted Canada's best radio actress.

One Determined Guy

Nevertheless, back in 1935, life for Bernie was not the exciting broad stage it is today. Against the advice of his family who could see nothing but a bread and water future in radio, Bernie started as a tenor on Vancouver's CJOR at the stimulating salary of

\$2.50 a week. The next year he was asked to join CJOR as announcer on condition that he sing for nothing. Too much enthusiasm for work landed him in a T.B. sanatorium where he spent a whole year recuperating and learning about radio by listening to it.

In 1939 Braden went to England and worked briefly for BBC and Radio Luxembourg. He returned to Vancouver to find that people were being paid for acting on the air. About this time he met up with Andrew Allen and from then on things began to move for Bernie. In a few years he had climbed to be one of the most versatile actors in Canadian radio and one of the small group who formed the core of Andrew Allen's stage series. Twice he won the La Fleche award for the actor making the greatest contribution to Canadian radio.

He also met, about this time, a girl called Barbara who thought his singing atrocious. In 1942 he married her, heard a recording of his voice and gave up singing.

From then on it's been good living if a fast pace for the Bradens with a straight bead on every goal, and the paradox is, they are always cool and collected, let lightning strike where it may.

While the Bradens pursue the accelerated London pace, who keeps the home fires burning for the three Braden young? Who owns the quiet pleasant voice which keeps you posted on the phone as to the Braden whereabouts?

The voice belongs to Mrs. Fulton, a slight attractive Englishwoman who has been pinch-hitting for Barbara in a maternal way even before Kim was born.

Kim is an independent baby girl of two who moves around the Bradens' English gardens as though she had been found under one of the spreading oaks. Only six weeks old when Bernie and Barbara struck out for London, she and the other two self-possessed children, Christopher, seven, and Kelly a girl of six, were left behind in Vancouver with Bernie's father, the late Dr. E. D. Braden, but actually in the capable hands of Mrs. Fulton.

What sort of risk, if any, are the Bradens running as far as their personal lives are concerned in pursuing this driving, almost parceled-out kind of existence? They have already headed into a winter of increased commitments with Bernie's morning broadcast "Breakfast with Braden" moving up to a peak hour under the title "Bedtime with Braden." The program, "What's Your Name and Number," has been followed by "Mr. and Mrs. North," a thriller type of script. The Bradens have also signed to do two television series, one this winter and another in the spring, both written by Eric Nicol of Vancouver.

In answering this question Bernie said that one rule he and Barbara made long ago and have always kept is never to interfere in one another's lives. "Everything," he feels, "starts in the mind. If the mind engenders a situation, you're going to get it."

And Bernie can only take as a compliment to himself the observation of another London producer who told him, "I like to be with Barbara because she is the only happy woman I know."

Besides, every time events gang up on the Bradens they take a holiday and get in some good therapeutic exercise such as tennis. Yes—TENNIS, he said.

Who'd believe it? ♦

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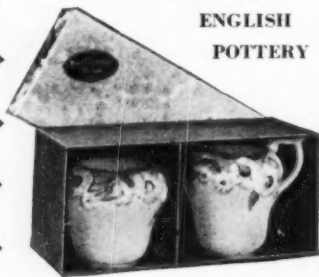
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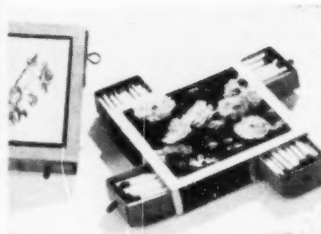
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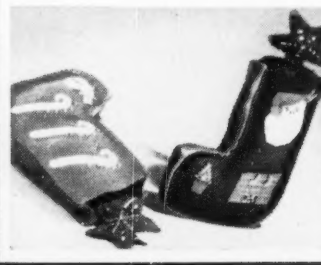
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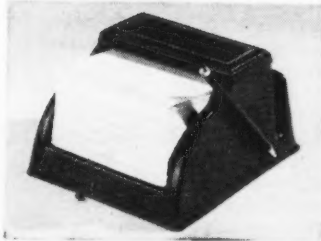
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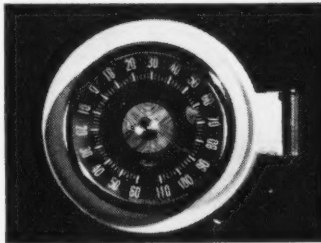
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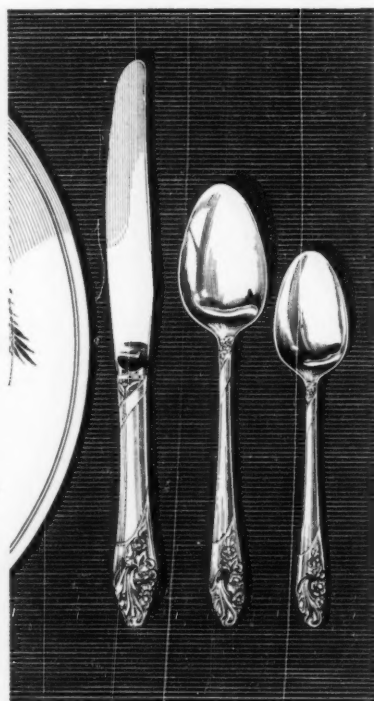
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ANY SHEPHERDS

Continued from page 9

"Can't you see it's a manger? See, that's the baby Jesus and there's the sheep." He pointed to grey blobs, "and there's the wise men," and he pointed to red blobs, "and this is Jesus' Mother Mary. Do you know the story of the first Christmas?" He looked enquiringly into the kind amused face.

"No," said the man, giving Johnny his chance. Johnny didn't take it.

"Don't you read your Bible?" he said, emphasizing the word "Bible."

"Well, yes," the policeman laughed. "Well, yes, I do, but I thought you might like to tell it to me."

"I've got to get home," Johnny said. "I'll tell you tomorrow," and he went along the snowy sidewalk, holding his painting up carefully from the snow in a bare hand that dangled a mitten from the cord in his sleeve.

He was alone now. There were some children a block ahead of him, but he didn't hurry to catch up with them.

Gee, he thought, painting was fun. Those lovely pots of color and the big brushes and seeing the marks you could make on paper with them. He was very fond of his own marks, especially those long red and yellow ones. School was sure a good place. Glad he wasn't a little kid any more and too young to go to school. His teacher was the best lady in the world.

Slowing his pace he wished his teacher could come and live at their house. He'd ask his mother. His teacher wore nice dresses, nice bright colors and nice sparkly pins on them. She could play the piano, too. Wish they had a piano at home. He'd ask his Dad for one. He'd ask Santa Claus for one. Wonder if his sister could spell "piano." His teacher told the best stories, his grandmother told the best stories, too. He wondered if she knew the one about the first Christmas. He'd tell her.

"Holy shoots!" he said out loud. "Is that ever a good story!"

His mother said she didn't like "Holy shoots." She said she didn't like the sound of it, and she didn't like to hear him say it. He liked it. So he said it, two or three times out loud as he walked along kicking the little balls of snow and ice ahead of him for emphasis.

"Holy shoots," he said. "Holy shoots, holy shoots," and when he had fully savored the delight of the words he forgot them.

He just walked for a minute liking the snow and the lumps of ice. He stopped and looked over the big pile of snow that separated the sidewalk from the road. A big oil truck drove past. "Holy shoots!" he shouted, "what an oil truck!" And he watched it go away up the street and turn out of sight. Then he started off again, hoisting up his painting like a flag.

His mother and dad and grandparents sure would think this was a fine painting. His mother might put it on the mantel for a while. She did that when he and his sister had good paintings. He guessed he was the best painter in the world and he guessed this painting would go on the mantel. Maybe it would be nice to put it on the Christmas tree. He ran about 20 feet

Continued on page 68



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as he dr the bott his 10 c takes so drink w likely to live mo Breast taught skip th which s and bre only a experien best mil

FIRST LESSON IN TABLE MANNERS

There are three ways in which we can help our children learn. First, they are very open to suggestion, so we can talk up what we are teaching them. Second, they love to imitate older people. Consequently they learn a great deal by just copying us. And finally, they enjoy praise very much, so when they succeed, even though imperfectly, we should let them see that their efforts are appreciated.

Feeding Themselves

When your baby wants to hold his own bottle, let him do what he can to help. When he gets his first teeth, give him some tough toast or zwieback or baby biscuits to chew after his feedings. Teeth are made to chew with, right from the start.

From Bottle to Cup

Start teaching him to drink a little milk from a cup when he is about five months old. Use a light unbreakable cup that holds only three or four ounces. To make it easier, give him only a tablespoonful of milk in it at first, but increase the amount quickly as he becomes more proficient. When you have taught him to take three or four ounces of milk from his cup, use it entirely for one meal and don't give him a bottle at all that time. Then use the cup at another meal, and as soon



Ready for a Spoon

At about 12 to 14 months he should be ready to learn to use a spoon. Make it plain at the beginning that it is to eat with and not a toy, as that will reduce the banging about and spilling. As a baby of this age tries to put most things into his mouth, he soon gets the general idea. Fairly thick foods like porridge and mashed vegetables are good ones to start with. By two years he will be able to eat fairly neatly.

The Fork and Knife Stage

At about this age he can begin with a fork. It, too, should have a short handle and the prongs should be sharp enough to impale the food. At four or five years of age he can learn to use a dull knife for buttering his bread. As a general rule he will not be able to cut his food properly until he is 7 or 8.

Table Manners

After the age of two it is best to have him eat his meals by himself at his own little kindergarten table. At first he will need a fair amount of supervision, but don't badger or coax him to eat. It is a good plan to let him eat with the family occasionally, so that he can see how older people behave. Offhand you might think that it would be less trouble to have him eat with you from the start. Actually it isn't, and you will enjoy your own meals more without him.

CHILD HEALTH CLINIC
ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., Director



MORE ways to
your young man's heart

Now—a wide variety of ready-to-serve foods that will win Baby's heart, please his doctor and lessen your work! For Gerber's famous Strained Foods, now made in Canada, are readily available in your neighborhood.

Your doctor will tell you how important a variety of essential foods is to your tot's health and happiness. That's why Gerber's, who make *only* Baby Foods, bring you a group of Fruits, Vegetables, Soups and Desserts, prepared by the Double-Protection Method. (1) It safeguards the natural flavour and uniform texture babies like. (2) It protects to a high degree the vitamins and minerals babies need.

FREE—samples of Gerber's cereals. Just write to Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada.

Gerber's True-Flavour Strained Foods

Fruits
Vegetables
Soups
Desserts

And
Cereal Food
Strained Oatmeal
Barley Cereal



Babies are our business
...our only business!

Gerber's
BABY FOODS



When "Childhood Constipation"



makes your 3-month-old whiney . . .

When your baby's tears and whines are due to "Childhood Constipation" give him Castoria . . . the mild yet thorough laxative that's made especially for his delicate little system. Your doctor will tell you Castoria does not contain a single harsh drug. So gentle, it cannot cause griping, diarrhea or discomfort. So pleasant tasting even very young babies take it willingly.



or your 3-year-old distressed . . .

When your normally healthy active child is distressed because of "Childhood Constipation," remember this: Strong adult laxatives . . . even in reduced doses . . . may be too harsh! Give Castoria! It's thorough and effective, yet so gentle it will not upset sensitive digestive systems. And children really like its pleasant taste. So play safe, keep Castoria on hand at all times.

Give Castoria

The laxative made especially for infants and children
. . . children of all ages!

CASTORIA

"From high chair to high school!"



Continued from page 66

to hurry himself toward the goal of home, and showing his painting and then he tripped and fell.

He lay for a moment face down in the snow. Not hurt, just recovering from the surprise and then he rolled over on his back. Stretched out on the snow with his arms and legs wide apart he surveyed the world above him.

Snow filtered gently from the branches of the trees and he put out his tongue to try and catch it. Smoke curled up from the chimneys and he stared hard to try and see where it disappeared to in the grey sky. Well satisfied with what he saw, he rolled over again and got up brushing the snow from his painting. The manger had been blurred, and his wet mitten blurred it more when he tried to fix it. He'd spoiled it! No, he guessed it was all right. Looked kind of nice, blurred and fuzzy like that. He blurred the wise men too.

Then he started on again. Gee, he thought, that was a nice story, that first Christmas story. He'd have to tell his mother about that. Maybe she knew it, or something about it. She had made the manger last Christmas with the little angels around it, and the little sheep, what was it she had called it . . . a chess . . . the Christmas chess . . . and Jesus was a wee doll.

Jesus wasn't a doll at all. He was a real baby just like the Norrises' baby. Bet Jesus wouldn't yell the way the Norrises' baby yelled. "Aaaaaaannnn, aaaaaaannnnnn, aaaaaa annnnnnn," Johnny wailed out loud like the Norrises' baby. Jesus wouldn't yell at all.

Holy shoots, it was nice of that friend of Joseph's to lend him that donkey. He must have been like Uncle Ross. Maybe he was Jesus' godfather, just like Uncle Ross was his. Uncle Ross lent Mum and Dad his car when he went away. Lucky thing Joseph had a friend like that, when the wicked king had made everybody go to Bethlehem to pay their taxi bills. If he hadn't lent Joseph that donkey, Mary couldn't have gone.

Johnny was glad Mary was able to go. Mum liked to go on trips with Dad, too.

Poor Joseph, he hadn't had a camel, and he hadn't had a horse and he hadn't had a car and then Jesus' Uncle Ross had lent him a donkey, and Joseph had told Mary to go and get her things on, and that she could come too, and off they went.

John marched along, shrugging his body from side to side in an affected limp. "Ho, ho! Ho, ho! it's off on a donkey we go. Ho ho, ho ho, ho, ho! Ho!"

He slowed down again. That wicked king, he thought, had made them go all that way just to pay their taxi bill! He must have been a terrible man, like the bad ogre in Puss in Boots. Their taxi man was a nice man. Mr. Cobb, like cob of corn. Once he had let Johnny wear his cap. Johnny liked him, he wasn't any ogre.

Poor Mary, she had been so sleepy when they got to Bethlehem and poor Joseph, no one would let him in. You'd think someone would have let them sleep on the sofa or something. When his Aunt and Uncle came and his cousins and there weren't enough beds, Mum always let someone sleep on the sofa. Holy shoots! He wished he could sleep on the sofa. He'd get up at night

Genuine Evenflo Costs Less!



Baby Sitters Know and Like Evenflo Nursers!

Mothers who feed their babies with Evenflo have an advantage with baby sitters. Because these popular nursers are used by the majority of mothers, baby sitters are familiar with and know how to use them. Thus, in addition to Evenflo's being easier to nurse and handier to use, other people can feed baby quickly and efficiently when you're away.

Get Evenflo Nursers at baby shops, drug & dept. stores. Distributors:

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.,
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America's
Most Popular Nurser



"IT BREATHES AS IT FEEDS"

ONE DROP SOOTHES

CHAPPED HANDS

For over 65 years, Italian Balm has protected lovely hands from rough, red chapping. It's rich and concentrated. Overnight — you'll see and feel the difference in your hands. Use it regularly to keep hands soft, white and lovely.

33c • 49c • Family Size 97c

Campana's Italian Balm



BINGO BE everywhere
everywhere
pounding
it gives the
safe out
energies.
muscular c



ALLEY BO
or out, ro
always f
when the
together.
complete
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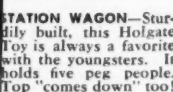
HOLGATE and TEACH-A-TOT TOYS



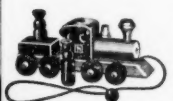
— PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFTS
FOR LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS!



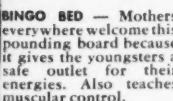
ROCKY COLOR CONE—One of the most popular of the Holgate line. Children get a lot of fun out of placing brightly colored discs on the upright spindle.



STATION WAGON—Sturdily built, this Holgate Toy is always a favorite with the youngsters. It holds five peg people. Top "comes down" too!



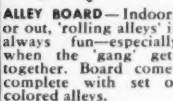
BABY TRAIN—For the very youngest railroader, this cute little train gives children a wonderful incentive for crawling. Makes a good pull-toy as baby grows older.



BINGO BED—Mothers everywhere welcome this pounding board because it gives the youngsters a safe outlet for their energies. Also teaches muscular control.



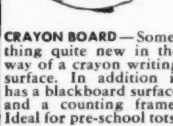
KIDDIES' TABLE—Just the thing to keep the youngsters out of mischief. Comes complete with little folding chair, blackboard, crayon board, and writing accessories.



ALLEY BOARD—Indoors or out, "rolling alleys" is always fun—especially when the "gang" gets together. Board comes complete with set of colored alleys.



ROCK-A-DUCK ROCKER—Especially designed for the toddler, this rocker is always a popular plaything. It is sturdily built to take a lot of wear and tear.



CRAYON BOARD—Something quite new in the way of a crayon writing surface. In addition it has a blackboard surface and a counting frame. Ideal for pre-school tots.

The Holgate and Teach-a-Tot Toys shown above are but a few of the many fine educational wooden toys now being manufactured in Canada by H-C-F. They are attractive, safe, durable and entertaining. Sold at better Toy Stores everywhere!

Manufactured and sold in Canada by

**HILL-CLARK-
FRANCIS
LIMITED**
NEW LISKEARD, ONTARIO

when everyone was asleep and get a whole handful of raisins from the pantry and eat them all himself. Aw, he wouldn't be able to, but he'd ask his mother.

Wonder if his mother would have let Mary sleep on their sofa. If he told his Mother how tired Mary was and what a hard time they were having he bet she would. He'd ask her.

No one in Bethlehem let Joseph come in, but one man let them go out in the back yard where the animals were. Gee, thought John, I'd like to sleep in the back yard in the playhouse. Jesus was born in a playhouse, but different. In sort of a playhouse barn, and after he got born his mother put him in a manger which was like a baby bath with straw in it that the china came packed in. Mum made the manger out of the straw the china came packed in last Christmas, and then she put it right in the middle of the chess under the star.

Mary and Joseph had been glad to stay anywhere, even to sleep with the animals and that night... boy!... that very night the Lord of the Sun was born!

Johnny looked up at the sky. He was right up there now, The Lord of the Sun. Right up in heaven and could see everyone, and everything they did. He could see right through your roof! Only that night, the first Christmas night, he was just a little wee baby. The little baby Jesus.

"Holy shoots," he said. "Maybe we can get a baby for Christmas." One just like Jesus. Only they wouldn't put *their* baby in a cold playhouse with the animals. No sir, in their house Mum didn't even let you take the dog to bed with you, she said it wasn't healthy. Bet he could take a little baby to bed with him though. He'd ask Mum.

Poor little Jesus, out in the cold back yard on Christmas night and everyone came and wanted to see him. When he got home he'd go right over to Mrs. Norris' and ask could he see their baby. Maybe she'd let him, maybe she'd give him a cookie, too. He'd ask Mum if the soakers Mum was making for the baby were finished and he'd take them over. Everyone took Jesus presents. Wonder if anyone took Jesus soakers? They were the best present for new babies.

The shepherds had come to see Jesus and brought their dear little lambs. He wished a shepherd would come to call on Gran and bring a lamb. Maybe for tea some day and then he could take the lamb up to his room when the shepherd and Gran and Mum were having tea. He'd ask them if they knew any shepherds. The plain people came to see Jesus, too. He couldn't remember much about the plain people. He looked at his painting. Nope, he hadn't any plain people there, but his teacher said the people from the plains came.

Then the wise men came too, and they knocked on all the doors, because they didn't know which back yard Jesus was in. Johnny stopped beside a telephone pole and leaned against it. Holding his painting with one hand, he knocked against the pole with his other.

"Knock, knock, may I come in?" he said in a gruff voice. "I am a wise man and I've got some presents. Have you a baby in there or is that the radio playing?"

You never could tell at Mrs. Norris'

Smart mothers— to help babies resist colds*



...feed Swift's Meats for Babies every day!

* Test feedings conducted by doctors showed babies who ate Swift's Meats for Babies every day had greater resistance to colds, germs and infections! No wonder! Swift's Meats for Babies are one of the finest *protective* foods a baby can eat. That's because they provide so much *complete protein* — needed to help baby build antibodies or germ fighters. Doctors say baby needs the kind of proteins and iron Swift's Meats provide every day. Get Swift's Meats for Babies or Juniors today! You can serve a variety of tempting kinds — at about *half* the cost of home-prepared meats!



All nutritional statements made in this advertisement are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



SWIFT

...Makers of the only 100%
meats for babies in Canada



Family Favorites by Fry's

Youngsters love frothy cups of Fry's Cocoa with its richer chocolate flavor... grown-ups too enjoy its warming goodness. Treat the whole

family to cakes, candies, pies, puddings — so easily made at home with their favorite cocoa, Fry's. Try this tasty recipe now!

CHEWY CHOCOLATE CARAMELS

Stir together over quick heat until sugar is dissolved

... 3 cups sugar
1 cup corn syrup
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons butter

When sugar is dissolved, add

... 6 tablespoons Fry's Cocoa

Stir and boil these ingredients slowly until a few drops in cold water will form a firm ball (248°F).

Add... 1 teaspoon vanilla

Pour candy into lightly oiled 8 x 4 inch tin. Do not scrape the pot. When the caramel is cold mark it with a knife into squares.

Invert it onto a board, turn it right side up and cut the squares with a long sharp knife. Allow it to dry for 3 to 4 hours.



FRY'S

The cocoa with the richer chocolate flavor

Always keep these other fine Fry-Cadbury products handy!

FRY'S DIAMOND SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE... CADBURY'S INSTANT DRINKING CHOCOLATE

whether it was the radio or the baby. Mrs. Norris used to say: "Sh!" she'd say, "Sh! Is that the baby or the radio?"

And on the night that Jesus was born a bright star appeared in the sky. Very, very bright. Brighter than the street-lights at night. Brighter than the whole sun in the sky! Bright as... bright as... as anything, he bet! Holy shoots! was it bright! And the shepherds were sore and afraid. That star was so bright it burned the shepherds just like sun-burn and they had to have pink smelly stuff put on them. Boy, were they sore!

Johnny was nearly home now. Coming down his own block with the painting still held like a flag but the edges showed little tears now and the paper was limp with wet. There was Mum standing in the downstairs window. He waved his painting at her and then he saw his grandmother wave too, from her upstairs sitting room window.

Good! They were both home to see his painting and when his Dad got home he'd show it to him, then he'd telephone his other Gran and Grandad and tell them to come over and see it, too.

Gosh, he loved Christmas time! Gosh he loved the baby Jesus and Santa Claus and Christmas trees with lights on, and Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer and carols. Gosh did he ever love carols!

Standing on tiptoe he stretched up and lifted the knocker and let it bang on the door. Leaning with his back against it, he sang his favorite carol, "Away in a manger, no crib for his bed

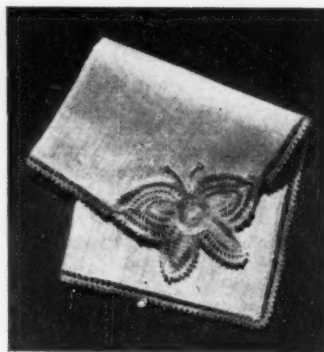
The little Lord Jesus lay down on his head."

His mother opened the door, and he stumbled into the hall. He turned and looked up into her face. Was she ever pretty! He guessed she was the prettiest woman in the world. A sweet warm smell came from the kitchen. She'd been making cookies! Holy shoots!

"Got any shepherds coming for tea, Mum?" he asked. +

Pattern Descriptions (from page 53)

Pattern descriptions and details for ordering. No. 8311: sizes 11-18, 50 cents. No. 3263: sizes 11-18, 25 cents. No. 3264: sizes 24-32, 25 cents. No. 3124: sizes 11-18, 25 cents. No. 3286: sizes 11-18, 25 cents. No. 8135: sizes 11-18, 50 cents. Order from your Simplicity Pattern dealer or direct from the Pattern Dept. of Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.



Butterfly Motif

A pretty design with many uses—edge a gift handkerchief, as shown, or an inset for pillowslips, guest towels and lingerie.

Order from Chatelaine Handicraft Dept., 481 University Ave., No. S247, price, 5 cents.



Mothers Sing the Praises of

JACK and JILL

BUCKLEY'S NEW COUGH AND COLD SYRUP FOR KIDDIES ONLY

Here's great news for mothers—a grand cough and cold remedy just for the little folks made by the makers of Buckley's Mixture, Canada's most famous cough and cold remedy. JACK and JILL Cough Syrup with Vitamin C is NEW—DIFFERENT—and so PLEASANT TASTING they'll take it with a smile. There's no "battle of the bottle" when you give JACK and JILL. At the very first sneeze or sniffle give according to directions for relief that is PROMPT and SAFE. Be sure to get a bottle today and have it handy.

CONTAINS
VITAMIN "C"

AT ALL
DRUGGISTS
50c



NOW A COMPLEXION CLAY THAT MAKES SKIN LOVELIER

CLEANS PORE OPENINGS • REDUCES SKIN BLEMISHES
WORKS WONDERS WITH TIRED LINES IN FACE



Look better, feel better, after the first application with Hopper White Clay Pack. See for yourself how this amazing facial pack cleans pore openings, helps tighten tired lines in your face and loosen black heads which can then be easily removed. Yes, you can thrill at the new loveliness of your complexion, the radiant, tingling feeling that is yours after a facial with Hopper Clay Pack. It's easy to use, costs only a few cents. At drug or cosmetic counter.

Goddard's Silver Polish

A fine
English product

QUICK
EASY
LASTING



Imported by

BONE, MacKENZIE & ROY LTD. TORONTO



JOLLY TIME

FOR YOUR
HOLIDAY FUN
ALWAYS POPS

POP CORN

'Tell your daughter to use Paradol'



"The first years are the worst!" they say. That's why many wise mothers advise their daughters early that Paradol helps save needless suffering from periodic pains. No disagreeable let-down or after-effects. Scientifically compounded from 4 ingredients, Paradol is excellent for headaches, too. Get Paradol today—the name "Dr. Chase" is your assurance. 26

DR. CHASE'S PARADOL

Quick Relief from Pain

Don't Neglect Slipping FALSE TEETH

Do false teeth drop, slip or wobble when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed by such handicaps. **ASTEETH**, an alkaline (non-acid) powder to sprinkle on your plates, keeps false teeth so firmly set. Gives confident feeling of security and added comfort. No gummy, ooey, pasty taste or feeling. Get **ASTEETH** today at any drug store.

a truly

Personal Gift

for everyone on your list
Cash's WOVEN NAMES

Sure to please young and old, and practical too. Give Cash's Woven Names and help prevent loss of clothing, belongings and household linens. Easily sewn on or attached with NO-SO CEMENT. Made in Canada. Make up your list today and order early from dealer or direct from

Cash's—BELLEVILLE 7, ONTARIO

Cash's NAMES 3 doz. \$1.65; 9 doz. \$2.75 NO-SO CEMENT 6 doz. \$2.20; 12 doz. \$3.30 per tube 25c

FOR YOUR CHILD'S SAKE

Remember These Vital
Laxative Facts!

Ex-Lax is effective, but in a gentle way. It won't weaken or upset your child. It won't make him feel bad afterwards.

— it's not too strong!

Ex-Lax can be given to your children with complete confidence. It has a fine chocolate taste, and its action is dependable and thorough.

— it's not too mild!

Ex-Lax is one laxative that avoids extremes. It works gently and effectively at the same time. In other words, Ex-Lax is

— the Happy Medium!

EX-LAX

The Chocolate Laxative
Still only 15¢ and 35¢.

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1. Is a baby's "soft spot" a matter for worry?

No—almost every newborn baby has two "soft spots" on top of his head. In time, the bones will grow together. Be careful, but include baby's scalp in the daily smooth-over with pure Johnson's Baby Oil. Use oil too, at every diaper change, to help prevent "urine irritation."



2. Should mother or baby set his schedule?

Many experts today believe baby knows best—that feeding, sleeping and playing times should come when baby indicates he's ready. Any time is a good time for cool, soothing sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder. Babies love the comfort this silky Powder brings . . . helping keep them free from chafes and prickles.



3. Is it good for a baby to "cry it out"?

No, say baby doctors. Check your baby to make sure nothing is hurting him, and if he still cries, pet him a little—it won't spoil him. A baby whose skin is kept smooth and free from irritation with Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder is likely to be happy!



Recommended by more doctors—used by more mothers



TRY
LAVARIS

The Aristocrat
of Mouth Washes

There is no substitute for absolute mouth cleanliness



Feet that hurt can hurt your looks!

● When tired, aching feet are "killing you"—you can't possibly look your prettiest. The misery shows in your tense, drawn face. What's worse, those little pain-lines can etch into delicate tissues, begin to form tiny little wrinkles . . . make you look older!

Tonight—every night—take a minute out to rub your feet with Absorbine Jr. You'll be surprised how fast it brings relief! First, Absorbine Jr. cools and soothes. And second—it counters the irritation that causes the pain with a grand muscle-relaxing effect. That aching misery fairly *floats* away!

Get Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold. Only \$1.25 for a long-lasting bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc.,
Lyman House, Montreal.



Absorbine Jr.

I ESCAPED BLINDNESS

Continued from page 52

me, "Very well. You needn't. Get up. Go home. Do as you wish."

I said slowly "But . . ."

"Well, of course that's it. It's your stubbornness and your self-will, or it's your eyesight. You can lose this eye and then wait to see if the other one will go too. You can do just as you choose."

So after a while I said, "Thank you, God. I'll remember."

Choice helps. It wasn't so bad after that. My back ached wildly, as everyone's does, but people were wonderfully kind. My Margarita, long familiar with her mother's difficult back, came to slip her gentle strong hands under the bad spots and ease the tension. An inventor friend made me a wonderful thing, a hospital rubber ring fitted with a rubber tube and a bicycle pump, which could be slipped under me flat and then pumped up—or let down—to change my position a bit. I became familiar with routines, tricks, with getting a drink of water alone, with discovering how on earth to help the nurse to bathe me and change my undersheet without moving. A lot of it was a game. The man next door came in, convalescent, to visit me. He had the same trouble but hadn't been fortunate—both eyes had been hurt, and he was going home, quite blind, with a white cane. But his cheerfulness and hope were uplifting. It was he who taught me how to tell time by counting to seven, very slowly, between the strokes of the City Hall clock . . . so that when you wakened in the night you could find out whether it was near morning. If it struck three, and you counted seven, and it didn't strike again . . . well, you knew the hour. I learned to accept being fed; above all, I learned that I must find ways to take with grace the help of others; I'd been ill a great deal but I had never, never been really helpless.

At the end of 10 days my own doctor decided to take me to the operating room. I had mastered the techniques of lying still, and although he still couldn't quite locate the torn place in the retina, he had to try and mend it. I had been looking forward to the operation with great eagerness—they'd give me a wonderful deep anaesthetic and I should be able to relax and rest for the first time, with no responsibility.

I didn't get a deep anaesthetic; no general anaesthetic at all. A thoughtful nurse let slip a word apparently carelessly the day before, so I was prepared. That was the worst day of all. To look forward to lying on the operating table fully conscious, while they did unthinkable things to my eye, was horrible.

But the operation wasn't bad either; I could have spared myself the torturing fears of that waiting long night. I had a local anaesthetic in the eye, and then, halfway through the long operation, when my legs began to shake uncontrollably, they used a hypodermic.

All through the actual mending job I heard the gruesome conversation, and the motor of the electric needle sounded pretty wicked, like the thing they drill up pavement with. But the doctor's voice was constantly reassuring and I lay much heartened by his care and

skill and gentleness. It was a long operation, but over at last; and then I was back in my own room, with my husband's quiet hand over mine and my own nurse, companion of two earlier operations, going over me tirelessly inch by inch, taking the tangles out of the knotted nerves. I couldn't have water until I promised not to swallow any; nausea is too dangerous. The first day and night were deadened by hypos.

Greater care than ever was now taken to ensure complete immobility. They tilted the foot of my bed higher, and hung fascinating big red signs, "Do not touch, jar, or approach this bed," at my head and feet. There was a "No visitors" sign on the door, but my family and a few close friends were allowed. Nurses and doctors hang on every symptom, so that one could get abominably spoiled. It is weeks before the doctor knows whether the operation has been successful, and to what extent.

And now for the part of this whole experience which I found deeply mysterious and for which I have not yet discovered any explanation.

Perhaps old James Hogg, when he wrote his *KILMENY*, had lived through a grave eye disorder; perhaps he had really seen a vision of an existing other world. In any case, I lived in another world, a world of great beauty and peace and order, for a long time after the operation. It was no world of my mind; it was a real place, constantly seen. This living in another world is familiar to me as a writer when I am doing a novel; I get so caught up in the time and place I am creating that I don't always pay sufficient attention to this geography we live in. But the world I saw when I was blind was not created by me; and nearly all victims of this trouble, writers or not, have the same experience. Some people see one kind of world, some another; the man who lost his sight had lived in a place of grey shadows, illusive and wandering. The young girl down the hall had a beautiful world like mine.

Where did it come from? It was illumined by the most beautiful light and it shone in glorious color. The colors do not exist in our spectrum and the light truly was "the light that never was on land or sea." As far as I can identify them, the colors were in the region of those we call coral, violet, and turquoise; but they were none of those. It was the quality of the light which changed them. The landscape I got to know best was none I had ever seen; it was a great rolling plain with a dreamlike backdrop of high snow-capped mountains, with a wide sweet river flowing through. There were many people moving about in my vision—people with calm happy faces and gentle manners, who smiled at me.

"A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river sway'd, a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial dream."

If it were not for the evidence of others who have experienced these strange visions because of the sickness in the eye, I would think that I had been re-creating Kilmeny's lost world.

How can you see a vision of something that does not exist, that is made up of parts which are not and never were? The human mind is not considered to have the ability to create anything new; it can only put together

bits and pieces of things already created to form a new pattern. But this vision was new; I saw, if not a new earth, a new heaven. It was real . . . and oddly, deeply reassuring all through that time of the rule and threat of darkness.

The visions faded as the peril passed. In February I went home, wearing a pair of white-adhesive-covered goggles which gave me a woman-from-Mars look. My nurse had cut out a pinpoint of openness in each lens, but since the lenses were of very dark glass there was little opportunity to see. There was still a great problem of quiet; the retina could tear and slip again, like a piece of evanescent gossamer, so that we should have to repeat the whole process. I was not supposed to bend my head, or move abruptly in any way. Once out of the hospital it was difficult, in spite of everyone's help and anxiety, to maintain perfect control. Once on an occasion when I was unavoidably alone the bulb in my bed lamp blew itself up in an odd way and all the fuses in the house stopped functioning. I didn't really need light, or radio, but I forgot; and tried in black panic to use my telephone, failed, and ended by rushing around the house hunting fuse boxes and trying to restore light. Sometimes the human mind is very silly. Gradually I was, however, restored to action. In March two of my friends contrived to wash my hair as I lay down; and in April I walked half a block to the mailbox and felt as if I'd climbed the Matterhorn.

The doctor warned me that it would be a year before I felt well again. I didn't believe him, but now I know he was, as always, right. I find myself wondering how long it is before people who lose limbs, or who become really blind, feel whole and themselves again? After my own relatively minor difficulty I am still, as I write this in October, having difficulty in any new terrain or with any new experience. On my first trips out of my own room or house I shook intolerably, so much that I could scarcely speak. Even now I want to cry at the thought of strange stairs. But there is steady daily improvement. I can now put dishes away—or hold a cup of tea—without expecting to drop something. I still don't like to peel vegetables or use a sharp knife, but I am acquiring such skills rapidly now and losing all my fears. Writing is still difficult; it was as if when the eye stopped focusing the brain did too. The centre of my eye is blind, and in reading the words travel up and over and down around the blind spot and are not words but fuzzy caterpillars crawling around in my peripheral vision; my thoughts seem to do the same thing.

I think constantly of people who are really blinded, who will live always in darkness. I didn't mind that darkness when I lay in hospital because of course I was sustained by hope. I mind it now when I think of its implications.

But my own darkness is largely gone, and to me the whole experience was a marvel and worth its weight in diamonds. The eyes of my sympathy and understanding for other people who are handicapped, either visibly or invisibly—and who isn't?—are open now.

As for my mystery, I suppose I shall live all my life wondering about the world I spent those weeks in. I wonder if ever I shall see it again? +

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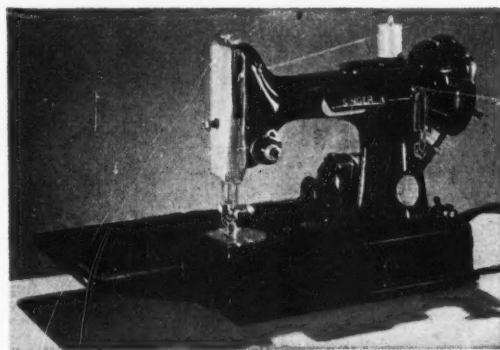
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